MISCELANEA.

Augustine Saluste

Meditations.

Memoratiues.

Grimston, Elizabeth
(Barnye)

By

Elizabeth Grymeſton.

Non eſt rectum, quod à Deo non eſt directum.

Qui non vult in vita mori
priusquam moriatur, non
potest in morte
videre vitam

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To her louing ſonne Bernye Grymeſton.

MY deareſt ſonne, there is nothing ſo ſtrong as the force of loue; there is no loue ſo forcible as the loue of an affectionate mother to hir naturall childe: there is no mother can either more affectionately ſhew hir nature, or more naturally manifeſt hir affection, than in aduiſing hir children out of hir owne experience, to eſchue euill, and encline them to do that which is good. Out of theſe reſolutions, finding the libertie of this age to be ſuch, as that quicquid libet licet, ſo men keepe themſelues from criminall offences; and my mothers vndeſerued wrath ſo virulent, as that I haue neither power to reſiſt it, nor patience to endure it, but muſt yeeld to this languiſhing conſumption to which it hath brought me: I reſolued to breake the barren ſoile of my fruitleſſe braine, to dictate ſomething for thy direction; the rather for that as I am now a dead woman among the liuing, ſo ſtand I doubtfull of thy fathers life; which albeit God hath preſerued from eight ſeuerall ſiniſter aſſaults, by which it hath beene ſought; yet for that I ſee that Quem ſæpè tranſit caſus, aliquando inuenit, I leaue thee this portable veni mecum for thy Counſeller in which thou maieſt

ſee the true portrature of thy mothers minde, and finde ſomething either to reſolue thee in thy doubts, or comfort thee in thy diſtreſſe; hoping, that being my laſt ſpeeches, they will be better kept in the conſeruance of thy memorie; which I deſire thou wilt make a Regiſter of heauenly meditations.

For albeit, if thou proueſt learned (as my truſt is thou wilt; for that without learning man is but as an immortall beaſt) thou maieſt happily thinke that if euery Philoſopher fetched his ſentence, theſe leaues would be left without lines; yet remember withall, that as it is the beſt coine that is of greateſt value in feweſt pieces, ſo is it not the worſt booke that hath moſt matter in leaſt words.

The graueſt wits, that moſt graue works expect,
The qualitie, not quantitie, reſpect.

And the ſpiders webbe is neither the better becauſe wouen out of his owne breſt, nor the bees hony the worſe, for that gathered out of many flowers; neither could I euer brooke to ſet downe that haltingly in my broken ſtile, which I found better expreſſed by a grauer authour.

God ſend thee too, to be a wits Camelion,
That any authours colour can put on.

I haue prayed for thee, that thou mighteſt be fortunate in two houres of thy life time: In the houre of thy marriage, *and at the houre of thy* death. *Marrie in thine owne ranke, and ſeeke eſpecially in it thy* contentment *and* preferment: *let her neither be ſo beautifull, as that euery liking eye ſhall leuell at her; nor yet ſo browne, as to bring thee to a loathed bed. Deferre not thy marriage till thou commeſt to be ſaluted with a* God ſpeed you Sir, *as a man going out of the world after fortie; neither yet to the*

time

time of God keepe you Sir, *whileſt thou art in thy beſt ſtrength after thirtie; but marrie in the time of* You are welcome Sir, *when thou art comming into the world. For ſeldome ſhalt thou ſee a woman out of hir owne loue to pull a roſe that is full blowen, deeming them alwaies ſweeteſt at the firſt opening of the budde. It was* Phœdra *hir confeſſion to* Hippolitus, *and it holdes for trueth with the moſt:* Theſei vultus amo illos priores quos tulit quondam iuuenis. *Let thy life be formall, that thy death may be fortunate: for he ſeldome dies well that liueth ill. To this purpoſe, as thou haſt within thee* Reaſon *as thy Counſeller to perſwade or diſſwade thee, and thy* Will *as an abſolute Prince with a* Fiat vel Euitetur, *with a* Let it be done or neglected; *yet make thy conſcience thy* Cenſor morum, *and chiefe commander in thy little world: let it call* Reaſon *to account whether ſhe haue ſubiected hir ſelfe againſt reaſon to ſenſuall appetites. Let thy* Will *be cenſured, whether hir deſires haue beene chaſte, or as a harlot ſhe haue luſted after hir owne delights. Let thy thoughts be examined. If they be good, they are of the ſpirit (quench not the ſpirit) if bad, forbid them entrance; for once admitted, they ſtraightwaies fortifie; and are expelled with more difficultie, than not admitted.*

Cruſh the ſerpent in the head,
Breake ill egges yer they be hatched.
Kill bad chickens in the tread,
Fledge they hardly can be catched.
In the riſing ſtifle ill,
Leſt it grow againſt thy will.

For euill thoughts are the Diuels *harbingers; he neuer reſteth, but where they prouide his entertainment. Theſe*

re thoſe little ones whoſe braines thou muſt daſh out a-gainſt the rocke of true iudgement: for

As a falſe Louer that thicke ſnares hath laied,
T'intrap the honour of a faire yoong maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning eare affoords
To his ſweet, courting, deepe affected words,
Feeles ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſooths himſelfe with hope to gain his game,
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing citie neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the ſerpent that doth counterfet
A guileſull call t'allure vs to his net,
Perceiuing vs his flattering gloze diſgeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocund doth not reſt,
Till he haue tri'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Vpon the breach of this new battered wall.

I could be content to dwell with thee in this argument: but I muſt confine my ſelfe to the limits of an epiſtle, Quæ non debet implere ſiniſtram manum. *To which rule I doe the more willingly ſubmit my ſelfe, for that the diſcourſes following are motiues to the ſame effect: which I pray thee vſe to peruſe, euen in that my affectionate loue, which diffuſed amongſt nine children which God did lend me, is now vnited in thee, whom God hath onely left for my comfort. And becauſe God hath indued thee with ſo violent a ſpirit, as that* quicquid vis valdè vis; *therefore by ſo much the more it behoueth thee to deliberate what thou vndertakeſt: to which purpoſe my deſire is, that thou mighteſt be ſeaſoned with theſe precepts in thy youth, that the practiſe of thy age may haue a taſte of them. And becauſe that it is incident to quicke ſpirits to commit raſh at-*

tempts.

tempts: as euer the loue of a mother may challenge the performance of her demand of a dutifull childe; be a bridle to thy selfe, to restraine thee from doing that which indeed thou maiest doe: that thou maiest the better forbeare that which in trueth thou oughtest not to doe; for haud citò progreditur ad maiora peccata, qui parua reformidat: *hee seldomest commits deadly sinne, that makes a conscience of a veniall scandall.*

Thou seest my loue hath carried me beyond the list I resolued on, and my aking head and trembling hand haue rather a will to offer, than abilitie to affoord further discourse. Wherefore with as many good wishes to thee, as good will can measure, I abruptly end, desiring God to blesse thee with sorrow for thy sinnes, thankefulnesse for his benefits, feare of his iudgements, loue of his mercies, mindfulnesse of his presence; that liuing in his feare, thou maiest die in his fauour, rest in his peace, rise in his power, remaine in his glorie for euer and euer.

Thine assured louing mother

Elizabeth Grymeston.

EN MA FOY IE SVPRE TOVT.

SIMON GRAHAME
to the Authour.

GOe famous thou, with euer flying fame,
That mak'ſt thy flight on Vertues wings to ſore,
In worlds of hearts goe labyrinth thy name,
That wonders ſelfe may wondrous thee adore.
Though th' authours ſelfe triumph in heauenly glore,
Thou ſacred worke giu'ſt mortall life againe;
And ſo thy worth hath made her euermore
In heauen and earth for euer to remaine.
Hir pondrous ſpeech, hir paſſion and hir paine,
Hir pleaſing ſtile ſhall be admir'd ilke where.
The fruitfull flowing of hir loftie braine
Doth now bewray a mothers matchleſſe care,
While ſhe liues crown'd amongſt the high diuines,
Thou on hir ſonne celeſtiall ſunne downe ſhines.

Tota vita dies vnus.

Chap. I.

A ſhort line how to leuell your life.

WHen thou riſeſt, let thy thoughts aſcend, that grace may deſcend: and if thou canſt not weepe for thy ſinnes, then weepe, becauſe thou canſt not weepe.

Remember that Prayer is the wing wherewith thy ſoule flieth to heauen; and Meditation the eye wherewith we ſee God; and Repentance the *Superſedeas* that diſchargeth all bond of ſinne.

Let thy ſacrifice be an innocent heart: offer it dayly at ſet houres, with that deuotion that well it may ſhew, thou both knoweſt and acknowledgeſt his greatneſſe before whom thou art. So carrie thy ſelfe as woorthie of his preſence.

Where thou oweſt, pay duetie: where thou findeſt, returne curteſie: where thou art knowen, deſerue loue. Deſire the beſt: diſdaine none, but euill companie. Grieue but be not angrie at diſcourteſies. Redreſſe, but reuenge no wrongs. Yet ſo remember pitie, as you forget not decencie.

Let your attire be ſuch, as may ſatisfie a curious eye; and yet beare witneſſe of a ſober minde.

Arme your ſelfe with that modeſtie, that may ſilence

that vntemperate tongue, and controll that vnchaſte eye, that ſhall aime at paſsion.

Be mindfull of things paſt; Carefull of things preſent; Prouident of things to come.

Goe as you would be met.

Sit as you would be found.

Speake as you would be heard: And when you goe to bed, read ouer the carriage of your ſelfe that day. Reforme that is amiſſe; and giue God thanks for that which is orderly: and ſo commit thy ſelfe to him that keepes thee.

Teach me O Lord to number my daies, and to order my life after this thy direction.

CHAP. II.

A mortified mans melancholy expreſſed in the perſon of Heraclitus, *who alwaies wept.*

LEt him that laughes come weepe with me: for that which mirth neglects, teares doe learne: It is the afflicted minde that is the touchſtone of faults committed: and the guilt which ſecuritie ouerſeeth, a troubled minde doth ſoone diſcouer.

A dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong
Without vaine Art or curious complement;
And ſquallid fortune into baſeneſſe ſtung
Doth ſcorne the pride of wounted ornament.

Be *ſorie* that thou canſt not *ſorrow*; thou that art begot in filthineſſe, nouriſhed in darkneſſe, brought foorth in pangs of death; thou whoſe infancie is a dreame; whoſe youth a frenſie; whoſe manhood a combate; whoſe age a ſickneſſe; whoſe life miſerie; whoſe death horror.

Thinke,

Thinke, ô thinke, and bethinke thy selfe, from whence thou camest, where thou art, and whither thou goest, for thou art here in an obscure land, gouerned by the prince of darkenesse, where vice is aduaunced, vertue scorned, where pleasures are few, paines infinite: where want is miserable, plenty full of perill: in a vale of teares, enuironed on all sides with vnplacable aduersaries: where if thou subdue lust, couetousnesse assaults thee; if couetousnesse be vanquished, ambition will second hir; if ambition be surprised, anger succeeds: in a world of mischiefe, where enuy breaketh peace, iealousie sundreth friendship.

A wretched world, the den of wretchednesse.
Deform'd with filth and foule iniquitie,
A wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie.
O wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues to sinne.

Thou hast a silly, *poore*, yet *powerfull* soule, a soule of noble substance, of exceeding beautie, inspired by God the Father; redeemed by God the Sonne; sanctified by God the holy Ghost: this is the careful charge committed to thy charge to keepe hir. Where wilt thou finde security for hir,

Which did in former time Gods image beare?
And was at first, faire, good, and spotlesse pure.
But since with sinnes hir beauties blotted weare,
Doth of all sights hir owne sight least indure.

But now exiled from hir-selfe, and as a widow depriued of hir espoused fellowship, committed to thy safe conduct, where wilt thou secure hir? in heauen the *angels* fell in Gods presence: in paradice *Adam* fell from a place of pleasure: in the world *Iudas* fell in the schoole of Christ: and if thou sufferest hir to fall, she fals to eternall perdition, for the sword of Gods iustice hangeth alwaies ouer our soules redie for our sinnes to diuide vs from eternall blisse.

Since harueſt neuer failes, but euer must,
Be torturd with the racke of his owne frame:

For he that holds no faith, ſhall finde no truſt,
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reape Gods blame.

Let the foote of him that ſits vpon the rainbow be thy arke of ſecuritie in this deluge of miſeries; be not like the vncleane Crow, that can finde footing on euery carion, with little care to returne againe: but rather imitate the innocent Doue, that lothing abode without this arke, can finde no reſt; and with the wings of a longing deſire and penitent heart, flicker at the window of this arke, till thy heauenly *Noah* put out his mercifull hand to take thee in.

For when the ſoule findes here no true content,
And like Noahs *Doue can no ſure footing take:*
She doth returne from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
And flies to him that firſt hir wings did make.

Let hir not drinke of the fluds of the vanities of this life, but as the dogs doe of the riuer *Nilus*, that drinke running, leaſt while they ſtay to take a full draught, they be ſtung with ſcorpions: for ſhe liues in thy bodie no otherwiſe than as a lazar on his death bed, vncertaine of life, but in apparent danger of endleſſe death; within ſhe makes her ſolace full of ſadneſſe: hir hope full of hazard, and all hir waies ſtrowed with Coccatrice egges, faire without, and foule within, make hir carefull of hir ſteps. Thou haſt the example of Chriſt: which way wilt thou goe? he is the Way: whither wilt thou goe? he is the Trueth: where wilt thou ſtay? he is the Life. If this Way lead thee thorow auſtere paſſages; if this Trueth teach thee true contrition: if this Life be not atchieued but with a dolefull pilgrimage; for where doeſt thou reade that Chriſt laughed? then *Woe be to you that laugh, for you ſhall mourne: and happy are you that lament, for you ſhall be comforted.*

* * *

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A patheticall ſpeech of the perſon of Diues *in the torments of hell.*



Death, how ſudden was thy arreſt vnto me? how vnexpected? while my bodie was ſtrong, while my intrals were full of fat, and my bones were watered with marrow; while I had reſt in my ſubſtance, and peace in my riches; in one night my ſoule was taken from me, and all my ioy was turned into mourning.

Like as the ſacred oxe that careleſſe ſtands,
With gilded hornes, and flowrie garlands crownd,
Proud of his dying honour and deare bands,
Whilſt theaters fume with frankenſence around:
All ſuddenly with mortall blow aſtond,
Doth groueling fall, and with his ſteeming gore,
Diſtaine the pillars and the holy ground,
And the faire flowers that decked him afore,
So downe I fell on wordleſſe precious ſhore.

I ſaw my friends forſake me in a moment: I felt how hard a thing it was to ſeuer two ſuch old acquaintances as my ſoule and bodie: I wanted no view of the vanities wherein I had delighted. On the one ſide hung a regiſter of my ſinnes committed; on the other ſide lay a catalogue of good deeds omitted: within me boiled my conſcience confeſsing and accuſing me: Before me ſtood the iudgements of God denounced againſt ſinne ſo muſtered in ranke, as I might well perceiue my dangers were certaine, and deſtruction imminent. In this extaſie while I deſired but one houres delay, I was caried with a motion *Torrenti ſimili*, as ſwift as the torrent before the tribunall ſeat of God.

Vnder whoſe feet, ſubiected to his grace,
Sat Nature, Fortune, Motion, Tyme and Place.

To this tribunall ſeate attended me my euill works, where Chriſt ſhewing himſelfe, laid open vnto me the benefits he had beſtowed vpon me, the rewards he promiſed me, the torments he ſuffred for me; all which the diuell confeſsing, concluded me to be his; for that though he neuer loued me', yet I ſerued him, though hee neuer gratified me, yet I obeied him, without wooing he wan me, performing what he ſuggeſted, embracing what he preferred, affecting euerie thing he caſt in my way, all which my conſcience acknowledging, cenſured me to this bottomleſſe depth, to this profound lake, to this ſinke of the world, whither all the afflictions and vnpleaſant things in the world draine and vnite themſelues to take reuenge of ſinne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh growes,
Which vp in th' aire ſuch ſtinking vapour throwes,
That ouer there may flie no bird but dies,
Chok't with the peſtilent ſauours that ariſe.

To this Chaos of confuſion, to this Well of perdition wherein I am coarcted, to this burning lake of fire and brimſtone wherein I lie burning, but not conſuming; lamenting, but not pitied; where I vomit out the riches which I deuoured; in paine, without eaſe; in torture without intermiſsion; where my laſciuious eies are afflicted with moſt vgly and fearefull ſights of grieſely diuels; my eares that once were delicate, are laden now with the hideous noiſe of damned ſpirits; my noſe that once was daintie, is cloied with the ſtinke of vnſupportable filth; my taſte that ſometimes was curious, and ſurfeited with plentie, is now tormented with want; my imagination is vexed with apprehenſion of paines preſent; my memory grieued with the loſſe of pleaſures paſt; my vnderſtanding affected with the conſideration of felicitie loſt, and miſerie found. Thus comparing ſenſes pleaſure with incumbent ioy, I finde my ioies abortiue, periſht ere they bud, my paines euerlaſting, during beyond eternitie.

Your

Your fond preferments are but childrens toyes.
And as a shadow all your pleasures passe.
As yeeres increase, so waning are your ioyes.
Your blesse is brittle, like a broken glasse,
Or as a tale of that which neuer was.

Wherefore as one past cure, deiected beyond hope of redemption into endlesse perdition, rather condoling my misfortune, than expostulating my mishap whereof my selfe was authour, I call to you, the glory of your age, the meat of time, who proud in your errours, tread the path of worldly pleasures, wherein I was impathed: *Frustra, ô frustra hac aliò properanti.*

What in this life we haue or can desire,
Hath time of growth, and moment of retire.
So feeble is mans state as sure it will not stand,
Till it disordered be from earthly band.

It was a condition aunexed to our Creation: *Intrasti vt exires*, thou wert borne to die. Nothing more sure than thy dissolution: no time more vncertaine than thy time of separation. Be alwaies readie to preuent that enemie, that is alwaies in readinesse to take aduantage. *Qui non vult in vita præuidere mortem, non potest in morte videre vitam.* Who while he liues will not preuent eternall death, shall neuer after death inherit eternall life.

Let euery one do all the good he can:
For neuer commeth ill of doing well.
Though iust reward it wants here now and than,
Yet shame and euill death it doth expell.
Miser chi mal oprando, si confida,
Ch'ogn' hor star debba in maleficio occulto:
Che quand'ogn' altro taccia intorno grida,
L'aria la terra e'l luggo in ch' è sepolto.
E dio fa spesso ch' il peccato grida
Il peccator, poi ch'alcun di gli ha indulto,
Che se medesimo, seuza altruj rechiesta,
Inauedutamente manifesta.

Wretched is he that thinks by doing ill,
His euill deeds long to conceale and hide:
For though the voice and tongues of men be ſtill,
By fowles and beaſts his ſin ſhalbe deſcride.
And God oft worketh by his ſecret will,
That ſinne it ſelfe the ſinner ſo doth guide,
That of his owne accord, without requeſt,
He makes his wicked doings manifeſt.
Shame followes ſinne neuer ſo cloſely done:
Shame alwayes ends, what wickeneſſe begun.

Hoc eſt momentum temporis vnde pendet æternitas. The carriage of thy ſelfe in this life, is the beame whereof thy welfare for euer dependeth. Deferre not thy amendment:

God is beſt when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring thoughts do come to nought.
O ſuffer not delay to ſteale the treaſure of that day,
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

Turpe eſt eo ſtatu viuere, in quo non ſtatuas mori. In vaine thou liueſt in that eſtate of life, in which thou meaneſt not to die. Make, ô make your ſaluation ſure vnto you by good works. Encline your heart to doe good: for the reward thereof is infinite: for he is comming and commeth quickly, and brings his reward with him, to diſtribute to euerie one as he hath deſerued, euen according to his workes. *Omiſſion and commiſſion brought my confuſion.*

Cautior exemplo tu. Let my example prouoke you to deteſt that wherein I tooke delight, leſt you alſo come hither to be tormented not onely with oppreſsion of eternall puniſhment, but with omiſsion of euerlaſting ioyes, which I admire now, *cauendo non fruendo*: which if I might redeeme by ſuffering all the torments that either tyrants haue inuented, or martyrs ſuffered; if with my tongue I might licke out the print of my feet out of the way of ſinners; if with teares of blood and water I might purge my vncleanneſſe to worke my redemption: *Ecce Domine paratum ægrum haberes in omnem medicinam.* Beholde, ô Lord, thou ſhouldeſt

haue

haue a patient fit for any cure. I would wring my drained eyes, *vt facilè sentires paratum ad omne supplicium ipsum habitum orantis Christiani.* But since my glasse is run, and my sun set; since death hath ouershadowed me, and that there is no pleading after sentence; since that *serò ducit suspiria, qui non expectat remedium:* since my affecting what I should haue desired, is turned into a feeling of that I lost; *quia ex inferno nulla redemptio, quia pœnarum nullus finis, supplicium nulla defectio*; because there is no end for my hell, nor satisfaction for my punishment: Therefore to you I call, to you that careless liue, that feele not with what sense I speake. Consider, Whence you came, Where you are, and Whither you go. You are parts of that God that created all things for you, and you for himselfe. You liue on the stage of the earth, *Vbi spectaculum facti estis Deo, Angelis, & hominibus*, Where you are in the view of God, angels and men. And you are going, ô looke to your going, *Nonest vitæ momentum sine motu ad mortem.* There is no mouing of life without a motion to death. You go and are alwaies going to make your appearance before the tribunall seat of God, where euery man shall receiue according to his works. *Qualis vita, finis ita: vt cecideris, ita eris.* As you fall, so he findes you: as he findes you, so he censures you: and as he censures you, so he leaues you for euer and euer. Wherefore, *quia arbor ad eam partem moriens cadit, ad quam partem viuens ramos extenderat*, because as a tree falles, that way it swayes while it is in growing: if you desire to fall right, learne while you are in your growth, to sway the right way. Iudge your selues, that you be not iudged, *Vt sementum feceris, ita metes:* What you sowe that you reape, either a crowne of glorie, *quam nemo scit nisi qui accepit*, or a chaos of confusion, *in qua sempeternus horror habitat*, whose worth can not be expressed, but of him that enioyes it, or a masse of confusion in which eternall horror doth inhabit.

CHAP. IIII.

Who liues moſt honeſtly, will die moſt willingly.



WEet (ſaith *Chryſoſtome*) is the end to the labourers: willingly doth the traueller queſtion about his Inne: often caſteth the hireling when his yeeres will come out: the woman great with childe will often muſe of her deliuerie: and he that knowes his life is but a way to death, will ſit vpon the threſholde with the poore priſoner, expecting to haue the doore open to be let out of ſo lothſome a priſon, looking for death without feare, deſiring it with delight, and accepting it with deuotion.

For what's the life of man, but euen a tragedie,
Full of ſad ſighes, and ſore cataſtrophes?
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes like dolorous trophes,
Are heapt with ſpoiles of fortune and of feare.

For it is onely death that vnlooſeth the chaines, and ſets vs free from our domeſticall enemie. It is onely he, that wafts vs forward in this ſea of calamities, the danger whereof is ſhewen by the multitude of thoſe that periſh by the gunſhot of the diuels aſſaults, and by the rareneſſe of thoſe that eſcape ſhipwracke.

Our frailties dome, is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, but fade yer many howers.
By deaths permiſſion th'aged linger heere,
Straight after death, is due the fatall beere.

It is onely death that brings vs into harbour, where our repoſe is without trouble, our comfort without croſſes, where our teares ſhall be turned into triumph, our ſadneſſe into ioy, and all our miſeries into perfit felicitie.

Death is the ſalue that ceaſeth all annoy.
Death is the port by which we paſſe to ioy.

It

It is for brutes to feare death, whoſe end of life is concluſion of their being. It is for Epicures to feare death, whoſe death is the beginning of their damnation. It is for ſuch as trafficke vanities, to looke to gaine griefe; for ſuch as haue ſowen ſinne, to looke to reape miſerie; for thoſe of a deſperate life, to looke for a damnable deceaſe: but the good man that did ſowe in teares, by death ſhall reape in ioy; for his iudge is he who knowes our weakneſſe, and will acknowledge our infirmities: his accuſers are made dumbe by former repentance; his conſcience is cleared by former confeſsion; hope is his ſtaffe, to keepe him from ſliding; grace is his guide, to keepe him from erring; faith his aſſurance, to ſtrengthen his reſolution: and what doth he loſe, but fraile and tickle life, a vapour that ſoone vaniſheth, a drie leafe carried with euery winde, a ſleepe fed with imaginarie dreames, a tragedy of tranſitory things and diſguiſed perſons, that paſſe away like a poſte in the night, like a ſhip in the ſea, like a bird in the aire, whoſe tract the aire cloſeth?

Life is a bubble blowen vp with a breath,
Whoſe wit is weakneſſe, and whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wildneſſe, and whoſe inne is penance,
Stooping to crooked age the hoſt of grieuance.

Who can ſit in his ſtudie and looke on his houre-glaſſe, and ſay not to himſelfe, *Vt hora, ſic fugit vita?* that thy life is ſpent with the houre? Who can walke in the Sunne, and looke on his ſhadow, and not ſay with *Pindarus*, σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος, *Vmbræ ſomnium homo*, Man is but the dreame of a ſhadow? Or who can ſee the ſmoake diſperſed in the aire, and not ſay with the Poet, *Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo?* Canſt thou feele the wind beat on thy face, and canſt thou forget that thou holdeſt thy tenement by a puffe of winde? canſt thou ſit by the riuer ſide, and not remember that as the riuer runneth, and doth not returne, ſo is the life of man? Canſt thou ſhoot in the fields, and not call to mind that as the arrow flieth in the aire, ſo ſwiftly doe thy daies

passe? Or canst thou walke in the fields, and see how some grasse is comming, some newly withered, and some already come, and doest not remember that all flesh is grasse? *Miser homo, cur te ad mortem non disponis, cùm sis pro certo moriturus?* Miserable man, why doest thou not dispose thy selfe to death, since thou art sure thou canst not liue? *Nostrum viuere, è vita transire*: our best life is to die well: for liuing here we enioy nothing: things past are dead and gone: things present are alwayes ending: things future alwayes beginning: while we liue we die; and we leaue dying, when we leaue liuing. Our life was a smoake, and is vanished; was a shadow, and is passed; was a bubble, and is dissolued. The poore mans life is led in want, & therefore miserable. The rich mans ioy is but vanity: for he is poore in his riches, abiect in his honours, discontented in his delights. This made *Hilarion* say, *Egredere: quid times, anima? octoginta annos seruisti domino:* Thou hast serued thy God fourescore yeeres, and therefore feare not now to goe take thy wages. And *Ambrose, Non mori timeo, quia bonum habeo dominum*, Who feared not to die, knowing that he that came hither to buy vs an inheritance, is gone before vs to prepare it for vs.

O who would liue, so many deaths to trie,
Where will doth wish that wisedome doth reproue,
Where nature craues that grace must needs denie,
Where sence doth like, that reason can not loue,
Where best in shew in finall proofe is worst,
Where pleasures vpshot is to die accurst?

Quid es; vides. Quid futurus sis; Cogita.

CHAP. V.

Speculum vitæ.

A sinners glasse.

WHat is the life of man but a continuall battell, and defiance with God? what haue our eies and eares beene, but open gates to send in loades of sinne into our minde? What haue our powers and senses beene, but tynder to take, and fewell to feed the flame of concupiscence? What hath thy body beene but a stewes of an adultéresse, but a forge of Sathan, where the fire of our affections kindled with wicked suggestions, haue enflamed the passions of our heart, and made it the anuile to turne vs to most vgly shapes of deformed sensualitie? What hath our soule, which is the receipt of the blessed Trinitie, betrothed to Christ in Baptisme, beautified with grace, ordeined with the fellowship of angels to eternall blesse, what hath it beene, but a most vile broker, presenting to thy will allurements of sinne? what hath our will beene, but a common hárlot lusting áfter euery delight, wherein she tooke liking? what is our memorie, but a regíster of most detestable and abhominable facts committed by vs? what hath our reason beene, but a captiued vagabond, subdued by euerie passion?

The sinne that conquers grace by wicked vre,
So soyles our soules as they can haue no cure.

So that by this *metamorphosis* we are become more odious to God then the diuell himselfe: for the diuell by creation was more beautifull then we: it was sinne that deformed

med him, and that sinne that made him odious, makes vs detestable: for our sinnes are woorse then his, and we not so good as he: for his sinne was one, & ours are infinite: he sinned before the stipend of sinne was knowne, ours after notice & experience of it: he sinned created in innocencie, we sin restored vnto it: he persisted in malice being of God reiected, we continue in hatred against him that recalled vs: his heart was hardned against him that punisht him, ours obdurate against him that allureth vs. So that our case is now such as infinite goodnesse detesteth, and infinite loue cannot condole. The earth was created for a place of pleasure, the aire was created temperate, creatures were made to be obedient to man, all things framed to his best content: but see how sinne hath transformed pleasure into plagues, famine and murders many in number, grieuous in qualitie, and ordinarie in experience, which indeed are but *Initia doloris*, for the damned suffer death without death, decaie without decay, enuie without enuie; for their death euer liueth: their end euer beginneth, and their decay neuer ceaseth, but are alwaies healed to be new wounded, dying but neuer dead, repaired onely to be anew decaied.

CHAP. VI.

The vnion of Mercy and Iustice.

THere be two feet whereon God walketh on the hearts of men; *Mercie* and *Trueth*, which a sinner must fall downe with *Marie* and kisse, that in respect of Gods Iustice we may reteine feare, and in regard of his Mercie conceiue hope: for all the waies of God are Mercie and Truth; Mercie, that we may not despaire, and Trueth, that we may not presume.

O who ſhall ſhew the countenance and geſtures,
Of Mercie and Iuſtice, which faire ſacred ſiſters
With equall poize doe euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchaunging proiects of the king of heauen?
Th'one ſterne of looke, th'other milde aſpecting,
Th'one pleaſd with teares, th'other blood affecting.
Th'one beares the ſword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings pardon for the true repenting.

Becauſe God is mercifull, wilt thou build a neſt of ſinne, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, vpon his backe? thou canſt not ſeuer his Mercie from his Iuſtice, and then Iuſtice will ſentence, *Tarditatem pœnæ, grauitate ſupplicij.* Is God a iuſt God, a terrible God, into whoſe hands it is a horrible thing to fall? Thou canſt not ſeparate his Iuſtice from his Mercie: ſhe wil proclaime *Miſericordiam Dei ſuper omnia opera ſua*, his mercy exalteth hirſelfe aboue his iudgements, *Vult enim omnes homines ſaluos fieri.* He that can that he will, will not the death of one ſinner, but that he may turne from his wickedneſſe and liue for euer: he offreth his mercy to all, but neuer vſeth his iuſtice but vpon neceſsitie. I will ſing vnto thee, ô Lord, mercy and trueth together, not mercy alone, as not fearing thy iudgements, nor trueth alone, as deſpairing in thy mercies: but thy mercies ſhall breed a loue, and thy iudgements ſhall make me feare to impath my ſelfe in the way of ſinners.

For hope of helpe ſtill comfort giues,
While Mercy ſtill with Iuſtice liues.

CHAP. VII.

Iugum meum ſuaue.

IT is well obſerued by one, That the rodde of the roote of *Ieſſe* flowred, that the ſweetneſſe of the flower might mittigate the ſeueritie of the the rodde. The diuell is neuer ſuffred to puniſh vs farther then is for our benefit: for either he corrects vs

or our former offences, or elſe to preuent our future infirmities. Neither is euery one that ſpareth, a friend, nor euery one that ſtriketh an enemie: but the words of a friend are better then the flatterings of a foe, and he that loues with auſteritie, is better then he that killes with delicacie. It is the diuels common courſe to kill our ſoule, while he flatters our fancie. For as the theefe that can not by open violence catch his bootie, ſeeketh by ſhrowding himſelfe in valleies and buſhes to take the trauellers vnprouided: ſo the diuell, when by open purſuit he can not preuaile, he coutcheth himſelfe in briers and ſhadowes of worldly vanities, entrapping vs before we preuent his traines. For albeit with a ſmooth flight and euen wing he leſſen himſelfe into the clouds, as an eagle delighted to view the ſunne: yet is he but a rauening kite, ſoaring in the aire, the better to ſee how to ſeaze vpon his pray. God borroweth not the Syrens voice, when he would ſting with a Scorpions taile, and when he bites with the tooth of a lion, he vſeth not the teares of a crocodill, but as the husbandman lops his vine leaſt the iuice ſhould be ſpent in leaues: ſo leaſt our mindes ſhould be imploied in vaine and ſuperfluous pleaſures; our wits which without profit would be diffuſed, are by him kept in compaſſe by tribulation. For where he purpoſeth to heale, he ſpareth not to launce: and if he ſee thou be foſtered by the world thy naturall nurſe, he can annoint hir teate with the bitterneſſe of diſcontent, to weane thee from hir: for he that bindes the franticke, and awakes the lethargee, is troubleſome, but friendly to both.

If ought can touch vs ought, afflictions lookes
Makes vs to looke into our ſelues ſo neere,
Teach vs to know our ſelues beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned ſchooles that euer were.
This makes our ſenſes quicke, and reaſon cleare,
Reſolues our will, and rectifies our thoughts,
So doe the windes and thunder cleanſe the aire,
So lopt and prunned trees do flouriſh faire.

Be

Be not discouraged; thou art a Christian, whose captaine is a Crucifixe, whose standard the Crosse, whose armour Patience, whose battell Persecution, whose victorie Death. Whether God fostreth thee as a weakling, or exercise thee as one stronger, or checke thee as one vnruly; yet he tendreth all as his owne children. Behold thy Sauiour with his head full of thornes, his eies full of teares, his eares full of blasphemies, his mouth full of gal, his body full of wounds, his heart full of sorrow; and blame him not, if ere thou find him, he giue thee a sippe of the chalice whereof he drunke so full a cuppe. Thy loue must be great, when his sorrow is more at thy ingratitude, then at his owne affliction, when he lost himselfe to winne thee: a worke without example, a grace beyond merite, a charitie surpasing measure. Wherefore whether he set thee to seeke him in the pouerty of the crib and manger, or in the agony of his bloody sweat in the garden, or in the middest of reproches and false accusations before the tribunall, or in the torments of a shamefull death; yet thinke thy selfe as deepe in his fauour for being tried by the torments of his pasion, as those that are called by the testimonie of his glorious transfiguration.

CHAP. VIII.

That feare to die is the effect of an euill life.



Iohannes Patriarch of *Alexandria*, whose frequent deeds of charity gaue him this Epithete, to be called *Iohannes Eleemosynarius*, hauing his tombe in building, gaue his people in charge, that it should be left vnfinished, and that euerie day one should put him in minde to perfect it. His meaning was, that by this meanes hauing his thoughts fixed of the doore of death, he might the better prepare himselfe for the passage through it. The Pope that day he is chosen, hath one comes to him

with foure marble ſtones, as patterns to chooſe of which his tombe ſhall be built. He that raketh vp vertue in the aſhes of the memorie of death, ſhall finde hir force ſo vnited, that when they come to be vnraked, they ſhall finde that hir heate will ſo encourage vs, that when our ſoule findeth a vent to mount vp to hir naturall Sphere, ſhe will flame in the firmament, and ſhine moſt oriently to our exceſsiue comfort, and hir Creators ineſtimable glorie: for he whoſe life was a ſtudie to die, well knowes that death hath loſt his tarteneſſe by paſsing through the veines of life: he feares not his cold ſweats, nor forgoing gripes, but taketh them as throwes in childe-bed, by which our ſoule is brought out of a lothſome body into eternall felicitie. He feares not the diuels, whoſe temptations he hath valiantly reſiſted: the graue is no horror to him, for he knowes he owes the body in corruption to reape it againe in immortalitie. He that liueth well, ſhall make a good end, and in the day of death his deceaſe ſhall be bleſſed, for he reſteth from his labours, and his works doe follow him. But to him that liueth ill, death is an euer dying death: he lies tormented with the pangues of the dying fleſh, amazed with the horroſiue fittes of the minde, frighted with terror of that is to come, grieued with remorſe of that which is paſt, ſtung with the gnawing of a guiltie conſcience, terrified with the rigor of a ſeuere iudge, vexed with approch of a lothſome ſepulchre. They made their priſon their paradiſe, their bellie their God, their appetite their guide: ſo ſowing ſinne, they reape miſerie, traffiking vanities, they gaine griefe: deteſtable was their life, and damnable is their deceaſe.

(1)

Abſit

Absit mihi gloriari nisi in Christo.

CHAP. IX.

That affliction is the coate of a Christian.

IF we be Christians, affliction is our coat, and the Crosse our cognizance, *In hoc signo vinces:* Christs clouts comfort not those that walke in side robes. The stable and manger are no refreshings to such as loue the highest roomes in the Synagogue. Our arke lieth not *in papilionibus*, but *in præsepio*. If we be members of that head which was prickt with thornes, let the rest of the parts sympathize with it: let the Mount Caluarie be our schoole, the crosse our pulpit, the crucifixe our meditation, his wounds our letters, his lashes our commaes, his nailes our full-points, his open side our booke, and *Scire Christum crucifixum*, our whole lesson. By his nakednesse, learne to clothe thee; by his crowne of thornes, how to adorne thee; by his vinegre and gall, how to diet thee; by his praying for his murderers, how to reuenge thee; by his hanging on the crosse, how to repose thee. Heere learne, that death reuiueth, sorow solaceth, an ecclipse enlighteneth; that out of the deuourer there came meat, and out of the stronger issueth sweetnesse. And since our sinnes (like fierce *Samsons*) haue murdered the lion of the tribe of Iuda, let our repentant thoughts (like bees) sucke at the flowers of his passion, and make hony to delight our selues and prouoke others. Let vs seeke Christ, not *inter cognatos & natos*, nor with the spouse in the Canticles, *in lectulo meo quæsiui quem amauit*, nor with them in Osee, that looke him *in gregibus & armentis*; but seeke him with *Moses* in the desert, with *Daniel* in a firy throne. His delight is to see *Nineue* in sackcloth, *Iob* on the

dunghill; he expects a perfect demonstration of a seruiceable minde, for an *Eamus & nos, vt moriamur cum illo:* for losse of felicitie searcheth the force of affection. It is neither prosperitie that tries a friend, nor aduersitie that concealeth an enemie. This is that true God that chiefe life, in whom, by whom, and from whom all things doe flow, from whom to reuolt is to fall, to whom to returne is to rise, in whom to stay is to stand sure, from whom to depart is to die, to whom to repaire is to reuiue, in whom to dwell is to liue: that God whom none loseth but deceiued, none seeketh but admonished, none findeth but are cleansed, what euer is not of God is not good: giue me thy selfe, & take all things els from me.

CHAP. X.

A theme to thinke on.

Considera, ô homo, Quid es in natura, Quis in persona, Qualis in vita. Consider, ô man, what thou art in nature, who thou art in person, what an one thou art in life: for thou art not in nature as a stone hauing onely being, nor as a plant hauing onely being and growing, nor as a brute hauing onely being, growing, and sense; but as a man who to these imperfections hath the perfection of a liuing soule added.

This soul's a substance and a reall thing,
Which hath it selfe an actuall worke in night,
But neither from the senses power doth spring,
Nor from the bodies humours tempered right:
It God himselfe doth in the bodie make,
And man from this the name of man doth take.

And the same God that created thee of nothing, preserues thee from all things that might annoy thee; giues thee health and plentie, and subiecteth all things to thy seruice, that thou mightst serue him in holinesse and righteousnesse

ouſneſſe all the dayes of thy life: for if God had not created thee, thou hadſt not beene at all: if Chriſt had not redeemed thee, the diuell had deiected thee in the fall of *Adam*: if the Holy Ghoſt ſhould not comfort thee, thou couldeſt not be preſerued as thou art. Since therefore thou art Gods by creation, redemption, and preſeruation, looke what time thou beſtoweſt out of his ſeruice, thou ſtealeſt it from him who made it for thee to ſerue him in it, and art a thiefe. If thou beeſt more enamoured of any of theſe bleſsings which he beſtowes on thee to win thy loue, than of himſelfe, who ſhewes his loue in beſtowing them on thee, thou committeſt idolatrie, and art an idolater. If thou beſtoweſt good houres in ill actions, or great bleſsings to bad purpoſes, thou committeſt treaſon, and art a traitor.

He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongſt the ſonnes of God deſerues no place.

Turpe eſt benè natis male viuere, & plantatis benè peiùs fructificare. Thou art created after his owne image; make no impreſsion vnworthy that character. *Pulchra ſint oportet quæ ex eius animo procedunt, qui in Dei habitaculum eſt præparandus.* Thy ſoule is the temple of the Holy Ghoſt, thou muſt not pollute it with brutiſh appetites, but prepare it with gracious meditations, moſt fitting food wherewithall to entertaine ſo heauenly a gheſt. He hath made thee in perſon erect, that he might put thee in mind to rectifie thy thoughts and actions. O leuell thy life to the ſtraightneſſe of the line of thine owne portrature. Staine not the beautie of thy parts, leſt thou ſuſteine miſerie in this life with the loſſe of eternall life: for the ſtipend of ſinne is death, and the merit of tranſgreſsion is eternall perdition.

CHAP:

CHAP. XI.

Morning Meditation, with sixteene sobs of a sorowfull spirit, which she vsed for ment all prayer, as also an addition of sixteene staues of verse taken out of Peters complaint; *which she vsually sung and played on the winde instrument.*

Happie is the man whose life is a continuall prayer.

O God to whom nothing is so great as can resist, nothing so little as is contemptible: O Christ the guide of those that seeke thee, the light of those that finde thee: O Holy Ghost that both filleſt and includest all things; I am ashamed to be seene of thee, because I am not assured to be receiued by thee, hauing neither deserued pardon for my faults, nor participation of thy glorie: yet sweet Iesu supply my defects, that by thy mercie I may obtaine remission, and by thy merits deserue saluation. Let thy passion worke compassion for me,

A sorie wight the obiect of disgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of shame,
The mirror of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamie of fame,
An excrement of earth to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

LOrd, I am depressed with the burden of my sinnes, and oppressed with the feare of the punishment belonging to them; hauing neither power to resist thy wrath, nor patience to endure thy indignation: wherefore I am become as it doth become me, thy humbie suppliant. Lord be mer-

cifull

cifull to me a ſinner. My abiect countenance witneſſeth my diſtreſſed minde, my words are ſeaſoned with ſighes, and bathed with teares. O let the deaw of my deuotion be drawne vp with the beames of thy remorſe: for behold, as a hunger-ſtarued begger doe I knocke at thy gate, ô honorable houſholder. Open, ô open the gates of thy mercies, to the greatneſſe of my miſeries.

Sad ſubiect of my ſinne hath ſtor'd my minde,
With euerlaſting matter of complaint:
My throwes an endleſſe alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangues that Ieremie doth paint.
That eies with errors may iuſt meaſure keepe:
Moſt teares I wiſh that haue moſt cauſe to weepe.

PReſerue my body from eternall death, reſerue my ſoule from euerlaſting damnation: let me neither vngratefully remember thy benefits, nor vngratiouſly forget thy ſeuere iudgements: for albeit, there be no folly which hath not had his ſeat in my minde, and left his footſtep in my actions; yet for that thou lookeſt for my amendment, that I may haue thy fauour, grant me thy fauour that I may haue amendment.

Giue vent vnto the vapors of my breſt,
That thicken in the brims of cloudy eies,
Where ſin was hatch't let teares now waſh the neſt.
Where life was loſt, recouer life wit[illegible]
My treſpas foule, let not my tear[illegible]nce off[illegible]
Baptiſe my ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew [illegible]morsly.

COnforme my life, confirme my faith, endue my ſoule with thy loue, ſubdue my fleſh with thy feare: Let me not die ere I begin to liue: giue me time to repent, & occaſion to amend: direct my reaſon: regenerate my wil: lead my deſires, that I may ſeeke thee: illuminate my vnderſtanding, that I may finde thee: let my ioy be in enioying thee, in whom deſire wants no ſatiety, nor ſatiety breeds diſcontent.

For gripes in all my parts doe neuer faile:
Whose onely league, is now in bartring paines:
What I engrosse, they traffique by retaile:
Making each others miserie their gaines:
All bound for euer prentices to care,
Whilst I in shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

LEt thy maiestie appeare in thy mercy, couer my sinnes, and I am recouered of my infirmities: for my conscience accuseth me, my memorie giues euidence against me, and my reason condemneth me. Conuert ô Lord, conuert my life, and diuert my punishment.

My guiltie eie still seemes to see my sinne:
All things characters are to spell my fall.
What eie doth read without heart rues within:
What heart doth rue to pensine thought is gall,
Which when my thought would by my tongue digest,
My eares conney it backe into my brest.

OVt of a maze of amazements doe I crie out vnto thee, ô God my Sauiour and Redeemer: Grant, ô Lord, that I may firmely resolue, speedily begin, constantly continue in performing thy will: let me honour thee as a Creator, loue thee as a Redeemer, expect thee as a Sauiour: for by thy goodnesse I was created, by thy mercy redeemed, by thy power preserued, and by thy grace I shall be glorified. Grant, ô [illegible] God, that wast made man, that men might [illegible] the sonnes of God, that I may liue in thy feare, die [illegible] our, rest in thy peace, rise in thy power, remaine in thy glorie for euer and euer.

For life's a maze of countlesse straying waies:
Open to erring steps, and strowed with baits:
To winde weake senses into endlesse straies,
A loose from vertues rough vnbeaten straits,
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning streame.

Gratious

GRatious God, whose honour is more in saving through pitty, then in condemning through iudgement, thou that canst mitigate griefes present, and canst turne away dangers to come: pardon, I beseech thee, my sinnes past, aide me against all temptations to come, and I shall praise thy name for euer and euer.

Else weeping eies resigne your teares to me,
A sea will scantly rinse my ordur'd soule.
Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be.
Of euery teare my crime exacteth toule.
My staines are deepe: few drops take out none such,
Euen salue with sore, and most is not too much.

GOod Lord, make me couet those things that be pleasing to thee, let me finde them easily, and search them wisely, know them truely, and exercise them effectually, to thy glory and my saluation. Dispose the course of my life, that it may accomplish that which thou requirest: Lay forth thy passions that I may feele them; satisfie me in thy mercies, that I may reioice in them: remoone from me all lets to serue thee, and giue me those things that may draw me to thee: instruct my iudgement, rule my affections according to thy will, in the depth of thy mercies confound the deuises of my enemies against me.

Lest shame the liuery of offending mind,
The vgly shroud that ouer shadoweth blame,
The mulct at which foule faults are iustly fin'd,
The dampe of sinne, the common sluce of fame.
By which impostum'd tongues their humors purge,
Doe light on me: for I deserue thy scurge.

LOrd thou hast deliuered me out of the iawes of death and redeemed my soule out of the gates of perdition sanctifie my life, that it may be a witnesse of my thankefulnesse; let my memorie be a record to shew thy goodnesse

ſo ſhall my lips ſhew forth thy praiſe, and my heart ſhall be poſſeſt with the glory of thy greatneſſe.

For fawning vipers, dumbe till they had wounded,
With many mouthes do now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vail'd, till I my ſelfe confounded,
But now I ſee the diſinchanted charmes,
Now can I cut th' anatomie of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lies within.

GIue me, ô Lord, ſorrow for my ſinnes, thankefulneſſe for thy benefits, feare of thy iudgements, and loue of thy mercies: giue me an vnderſtanding heart, that I may conceaue a right loue of thy lawe, that I may deſire to performe it, ſtrength of thy ſpirit that I may haue power to execute it: and becauſe by thy grace I am that I am, let thy demaunds be no greater then thou haſt giuen me grace to performe. Lord giue what thou commandeſt, and then command what thou wilt: let the greatneſſe of thy mercies ſupplie the wants of my miſeries: that my heart may reioice in the Lord, and thy ſauing health may be knowne among all nations.

O beames of mercy beat on ſorrowes cold,
Powre ſuppling ſhewers on my parched ground,
Bring foorth the fruit of your due ſeruice vow'd,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd,
Water yongue blooming vertues tender flowre,
Sin did all grace of riper growth deuoure.

HAue mercy vpon me, ô Lord, haue mercy vpon me, according to the multitude of thy mercies, doe away my offences: waſh me from my wickedneſſe, and cleanſe me from my ſecret ſinnes: for I acknowledge my faults, and my ſinnes haue made me odious to my ſelfe. Be mercifull, Lord, be mercifull vnto thy ſeruant, and let not the gates of hell preuaile againſt him: for though the ſtipend of his ſinne is death, and the merit of his tranſgreſſion eternall perdition;

perdition; yet is thy mercie aboue all thy works, and thou canst forgiue more, than he could offend: thou that wilt not the death of a sinner, denie not the request of a repentant sinner: thou which hast giuen me repentance, which is the seale of forgiuenesse, grant me forgiuenesse, which is the assurance of repentance.

If Dauid *night by night did bathe his bed,*
Esteeming longest dayes too short to mone:
Inconsolable teares if Anna *shed,*
Who in hir sonne hir solace had forgone:
Then I to dayes, to months, to weeks, to yeeres,
Do owe the hourely rent of stintlesse teares.

OVt of the depth of my soule do I crie vnto thee, Lord put me not to rebuke in thine anger; let not thine hand presse me, neither chasten me in thy displeasure; for I confesse my wickednesse, and am sory for my sinne; suffer not my name to be touched with dishonour, neither giue me ouer to be clothed in rebuke: cleanse my heart from corrupt thoughts, and purge my mouth from all vncleannesse, and impath me in that course that is best pleasing to thee.

Christ health of feuer'd soule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foot, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wiues, repentant sorow moues,
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and saue me slaine with sinfull dart.

PRaise the Lord, ô my soule, ô let all that is within me praise his holy name. Praise the Lord, ô my soule, and let not the least of his benefits be forgotten: for he hath deliuered thy body from death, and thy soule hath he redeemed out of the estate of damnation: for he hath created thee after his owne image, and breathed a liuing soule into thee, to praise his name for euer and euer: for his prouidence

dence hath preserued thee, his strength defended thee, his mercie comforted thee, and his grace shall glorifie thee: O therefore praise his holy name; O let all that is within me sing praises to my God, my Sauiour and Redeemer.

Lazar at pities gate I vlcered lie,
Craning the refuse crummes of childrens plate.
My sores I lay in view to mercies eye:
My rags beare witnesse of my poore estate.
The wormes of conscience that within me swarme,
Proue that my plaints are lesse than is my harme,

GIue me, ô Lord, an vnderstanding heart, that I may haue a true feeling of the greatnesse of thy benefits, instruct thou my lippes, and my mouth shall shew foorth thy praise: for my heart desireth to haue hir loue knowen, and my spirit reioiceth in God my Sauiour: I will magnifie thy holy name, for thou hast heard my voice, and not suffred my foes to triumph ouer me: thou hast relieued my wants, and giuen me plenty when I was in necessitie. I will lift vp my hands vnto the king of glory, euen vnto his mercies seat from whence is my redemption; for I know the weaknesse of our flesh, and acknowledge there is no helpe that comes not from aboue.

Prone lookes, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite heart,
Deepe ſighs, thicke ſobs, dew'd eies, and proſtrate praiers,
Moſt humbly begge releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſorow din mercies ſweet repaires:
If Iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares would diſpaires, ruth breed a hopeleſſe rage.

IGiue thee thanks, ô most mercifull father, for all thy benefits bestowed vpon me, desiring thee long to continue them, and to make me thankfull for them: direct the words of my mouth, the meditations of my heart, the actions of my body, that they may be pleasing to thee, and profitable for me: Lord heare my voice, accept this my sacrifice of

thankesgiuing,

thanksgiuing, which thy bountifull goodneſſe hath extorted. Let not the world, the fleſh, nor the diuell preuaile againſt me, but let thy gracious ſpirit conquer them in all my conflicts. Lord I haue repoſed my whole truſt in thee, let not thy ſeruant be put to confuſion.

With mildneſſe Ieſu measure my offence,
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate,
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe,
Let pitie temper thy deſerued hate,
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
With feare I crime, in hope I humblie call.

LOrd, though I can neither praiſe thee as becommeth me, nor pray to thee as I ought to doe; yet accept I beſeech thee, theſe my halting ſpeeches brokenly vttered, as an oblation for my moſt grieuous offences: looke vpon me in thy mercies, and let the blood of that immaculate lambe Chriſt Ieſus, ſtand betwixt me and thy iudgements. Lord, into thy hands do I commend my ſoule, and my body into thy cuſtody, Lord Ieſu receiue them: Lord bleſſe me and all that belongs vnto me from this time foorth for euermore. Sweet Ieſu ſanctifie my life, & bleſſe me with ſorrow for my ſinnes, thankfulneſſe for thy benefits, feare of thy iudgements, loue of thy mercies, mindefulneſſe of thy preſence, that liuing in thy feare, I may die in thy fauour, reſt in thy peace, riſe in thy power, remaine in thy glory for euer and euer.

Redeeme my lapſe with ranſome of thy loue,
Trauers th'inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend,
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrow ſuccour moue.
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changeling I offend,
Tender my ſuite, cleanſe this defiled den,
Cancell my debts, ſweet Ieſu ſay Amen.

CHAP. XII.

A Madrigall made by *Berny Grymeſton* vpon the conceit of his mothers play to the former ditties.



Ow many pipes, as many ſounds
Do ſtill impart to your ſonnes hart
As many deadly wounds.
How many ſtrokes, as many ſtounds,
Eth ſtroke a dart, eth ſtound a ſmart,
Poore Captiue me confounds.
And yet how oft the ſtrokes of ſounding keyes hath ſlaine,
As oft the looks of your kind eies reſtores my life againe.

CHAP. XIII.

Euening Meditation.

Odes in imitation of the seuen pœnitentiall Psalmes, in seuen seuerall kinde of verse.

Domine exaudi orationem meam.



Ouchsafe admit thy gracious eares,
With milde regard for to attend
The prayers, that a plaining heart
With sorowing sighs to thee doth send:
And let thereto, ô louing Lord,
Thy Iustice and thy Trueth accord.

In rigour of thy righteous doome,
O do not scan thy seruants cause:
For there is none on earth aliue,
Through faultlesse life freed from thy lawes.
Then how may I in sinfull plight,
Seeme iust in thy all-seeing sight!

The friend of sinne, the foe of soules,
Downe to the earth my soule hath brought,
Which to the heauen should aspire,
Since from the heauen it was wrought:
O raise it vp againe to blisse,
From earth and all that earthly is.

Amids the darke misse-led am I,
Where lacke of light sinnes view denies:
I liue a life more like to death,
While dead from grace my bodie lies,
And where as care through secret smart
Sends anguish to afflict my hart.

But I (ô Lord) recall to minde
What thou haſt done in time before,
And how thy Iuſtice hath beene great,
But how thy Mercy hath beene more.
Thus hope of helpe ſtill comfort giues,
While Mercie ſtill with Iuſtice liues.

My ſtretched hands to thee diſplay
The enſignes of my yeelding hart:
My ſoule, as earth that water wants,
Of vertues fruit can beare no part.
I faint, ſend ſome reliefe of raine,
Leſt els vnfruitfull I remaine.

Thy face of pitie, not of wrath,
Turne not, ô louing Lord, from me:
And let not, Lord, my owne miſdeeds
Haue laſting force to anger thee:
For ſo might I compare my caſe
To theirs that furtheſt fall from grace.

But ſince my hope is firme in thee,
Let me betimes thy mercie haue,
The way of health make known to me,
My feet from erring paths to ſaue.
Onely to thee my ſoule retires:
Onely thy mercie it deſires.

O free me from my ſinfull foes,
To thee I flie to be ſecure,
Teach me the leſſon of thy will,
And let me put it well in vre.
Thou art my God, and God of all
That for thy aide and comfort call.

Thou wilt vouchsafe to me, ô Lord,
Thy Holy Spirit to be my guide,
My faith and hope in thee is such,
And such it euer shall abide.
Reuiue thou wilt me for thy name:
Goodnesse in thee requires the same.

So that at last by thee, ô God,
My soule from bale to blis be brought;
And that in mercie thou subuert
All those my soules destruction sought:
And force of foes destroyd may be,
And I made safe for seruing thee.

All glory be to thee, ô God
The Father of eternall might,
And to the Sonne and Holy ghost,
Three in an vndiuided plight,
As now it is, and was of yore,
And shall endure for euermore.

De profundis clamaui ad te Domine.

EVen from the depth of woes,
Wherein my soule remaines,
To thee in supreme blisse,
O Lord, that highest raignes,
I do both call and crie.

It's deepe hart sorowes force,
That moues me thus to waile:
It's pity Lord in thee,
Must make it to auaile.
Thine eares therefore applie.

But I (ô Lord) recall to minde
What thou hast done in time before,
And how thy Iustice hath beene great,
But how thy Mercy hath beene more.
Thus hope of helpe still comfort giues,
While Mercie still with Iustice liues.

My stretched hands to thee display
The ensignes of my yeelding hart:
My soule, as earth that water wants,
Of vertues fruit can beare no part.
I faint, send some reliefe of raine,
Lest els vnfruitfull I remaine.

Thy face of pitie, not of wrath,
Turne not, ô louing Lord, from me:
And let not, Lord, my owne misdeeds
Haue lasting force to anger thee:
For so might I compare my case
To theirs that furthest fall from grace.

But since my hope is firme in thee,
Let me betimes thy mercie haue,
The way of health make known to me,
My feet from erring paths to saue.
Onely to thee my soule retires:
Onely thy mercie it desires.

O free me from my sinfull foes,
To thee I flie to be secure,
Teach me the lesson of thy will,
And let me put it well in vre.
Thou art my God, and God of all
That for thy aide and comfort call.

Thou

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To thee in supreme blisse,
O Lord, that highest raignes,
I do both call and crie.

It's deepe heart sorowes force,
That moues me thus to waile:
It's pity Lord in thee,
Must make it to auaile.
Thine eares therefore applie.

If strictly thou, ô Lord,
Obserued hast my sinne,
Alas, what shall I do?
What case then am I in,
If rigour thou extend?

But well, ô Lord, I know
Sweet Mercy dwels with thee:
And with thy Iustice then
It must expected be:
And I therefore attend.

My soule doth wait on thee,
Thy grace confirms my trust,
My warrant is thy word,
Thou keepest promise iust:
Keepe me, ô Lord, secure.

Let thy afflicted flocke
Comfort in thee retaine,
From dawning day to night,
From night to day againe
Let still their hope endure.

There is with our good God
Much mercy still in store:
Redemption doth remaine
With him for euermore.
Abundant is his grace.

His people he afflicts
He will not leaue distrest,
The thralled he will free
With ease of their vnrest,
And all their faults deface.

All glory be therefore,
O Father, vnto thee,
And so vnto the Sonne
The like great glory be,
And to the Holy Ghost,

Such as it woonted was
Before the world beganne,
Such as now yet it is,
And euer shall remaine,
Aboue all glory most.

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

O Let, ô Lord, thine eares enclined be
To heare the praiers that I make to thee:
And my hearts griefe that breaketh foorth in cries,
O let it haue the power to pierce the skies.

Turne not from me thy fauourable face,
What day or houre I am in heauie case:
But when I call to thee in my distresse,
O heare me, Lord, and send me soone redresse.

My daies and yeares, alas with little gaine,
Like vnto smoke, how are they past in vaine!
My forces, Lord, how are they parch't and dry!
Deuotions lacke yeelds moisture no supply.

The blasted grasse my image now can show,
My withered heart confirmes that it is so,
And I forgotten haue, vnto my griefe,
To eate the bread of my soules best reliefe.

And my too much regard of earthly care,
Before my selfe for grace I could prepare,
Made reason to abandon reason quite,
And to affliction fast it selfe vnite.

But now, ô Lord, since that I now beginne
To see my selfe, and know the shame of sinne;
From earthly traine I will retire my minde,
Thee will I seeke my saving health to finde.

In desert like as lives the Pelicane,
Or as the Crowe that doth day light refraine,
Or chirping Sparrow sitting all alone,
I shrowd, I watch, retir'd I make my mone.

But while, O Lord, I doe endure this life,
Expecting peace, by fleeing worldly strife,
Old friends I finde become new noisome foes,
O loue me Lord, for losse of loue of those.

My penance not restraind through scorne of these,
My foode I take with ashes and with teares,
The more I feare lest thou on me shouldst frowne,
That canst me raise, and raising cast me downe.

My daies decline as doth a shadow passe,
And I as haie that whilome was as grasse:
But thou from age to age shalt euer be,
Then euermore, ô Lord, forget not me.

Vouchsafe, ô Lord, in puissance to arise,
To raise thy Sion that depressed lies:
Now is the time, the time doth now expire,
It mercy wants, and mercy doth desire.

This glorious worke was first begun by thee:
Thy seruants erst were glad the stones to see:
And they will griene with hearts afflicted care,
If so the ruines thou dost not repaire.

But when, ô Lord, thy works shall shew thy fame,
The faithlesse people then shall feare thy name,
And earthly kings shall bend their glory downe
At thy celestiall glory and renowne.

Because

Becauſe thy Church, thy Sion, thou diddeſt build,
Where thou wouldſt euer haue thy honor hild,
And haſt not vnregarded heard the plaint
Of faithfull folke, thrald in vntruths reſtraint.

And that no time, remembrance may impaire
Of thy mainteined worke and mercy rare:
Let people now, for people to enſue,
Thy praiſe record, thy praiſes to renue.

For from high heauen to this low earthly place,
From bliſſe to bale our Lord enclines his face,
The groanes to heare, the grieued to releaſe,
To free from thrall, to make affliction ceaſe.

The more may Sion now ſound foorth his fame,
Ieruſalem his praiſes may proclaime,
Wherein his Church, his people do accord,
And where as kings are ſubiects to their Lord.

Who may, O Lord, the dateleſſe daies relate,
That of all ages ouerpaſſe the date?
It's thou to vs haſt put appointed ſpace,
O ſtop not me ere halfe I runne my race.

Theſe elements by alteration ſtrange
Shall changed be, and ſo remaine in change:
But thou, ô Lord, that work'ſt all at thy will,
Waſt earſt the ſame, the ſame remaining ſtill.

Vouchſafe, ô Lord, their offpring to preſerue,
That thee in feare, and faith, and loue do ſerue,
And in thy waies directed to remaine,
A laſting life in laſting blis to gaine.

Vnto the Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt,
All praiſe and glory be aſcribed moſt,
As heere before the world begun,
And as it now, and euer ſhall be done.

Miserere mei Deus.

HAue mercy ô good God on me
in greatneſſe of thy grace,
O let thy mercies manifold
my many faults deface.

Foule, filthie, lothſome, vgly ſinne
hath ſo defiled me,
With ſtreames of pittie waſh me cleane,
elſe cleane I cannot be.

Too well my foule vncleanſed crimes
Remembrance doe renew,
Too plaine in anguiſh of my heart
they ſtand before my view.

To thee alone, ô Lord, to thee
theſe euils I haue done,
And in thy preſence, woe is me,
that ere they were begun.

But ſince thou pardon promiſeſt
where hearts true ruth is ſhowne;
Shew now thy mercies vnto me,
to make thy iuſtneſſe knowne.

That ſuch as doe infringe thy grace,
be made aſham'd, and ſhent,
As rife thy mercies to behold,
as ſinners to repent.

With fauour view my foule defects:
in crimes I did beginne:
My nature bad, my mother fraile,
conceau'd I was in ſinne.

But since thy selfe affectest truth,
and truth it selfe is Thee;
I truely hope to haue thy grace
from sinne to set me free.

Since to the faithfull thou before
the secret science gaue,
Whereby to know what thou wouldst spend,
the sinfull world to saue.

Whose heauenly Hyssope sacred drops,
shall me besprinckle so,
That it my sinne-defiled soule
shall wash more white then snow.

O when my eares receiue the sound
of such my soules release,
How do sinne laden lummes reioice,
at hearts true ioies encrease!

From my misdeeds retyre thy sight,
view not so foule a staine,
First wipe away my spots impure,
then turne thy face againe.

A cleane and vndefiled heart,
ô God, create in me:
Let in me, Lord, of righteousnesse
a spirit infused be.

From that most glorious face of thine
ô cast me not away,
Thy holy Ghost vouchsafe, ô God,
With me that it may stay.

The ioy of thy saluation, Lord,
restore to me againe,
And with the sprite of graces chiefe,
confirme it to remaine.

That when at thy moſt gracious hand
my ſutes receiued be,
The impious I may inſtruct
how they may turne to thee.

For when, ô Lord, I am releaſt
from vengeance and from blood,
How ioyfull ſhall I ſpeake of thee,
ſo gracious and ſo good!

Thou, Lord, wilt giue me leaue to ſpeake,
and I thy praiſe will ſhowe:
For ſo thy graces do require
thou doeſt on me beſtowe.

If thou ſinne offrings hadſt deſired,
as wonted were to be,
How gladly thoſe for all my illes,
I would haue yeelded thee!

But thou accepts in ſacrifice
a ſorrowing ſoule for ſinne,
Deſpiſing not the heart contrite,
and humbled minde within.

Deale graciouſly, ô louing Lord,
in thy free bounty will
With Sion thy deare ſpouſe on earth,
and fortifie it ſtill.

That ſo thou mayeſt thence receiue
that ſoueraigne ſacrifice,
From altar of all faithfull hearts,
deuoutly where it lies.

To thee, ô Father, glory be,
and glory to the Sonne,
And glory to the holy Ghoſt
eternally be done.

Domine

Domine ne in furore.

AMiddes the fury, my deare Lord,
rebuke not me,
Nor let thy chaſticement befall,
when wrathfull thou ſhalt be.

Thy arrowes in my ſelfe I feele
already ſtand,
I ſee, ô Lord, thou fixed haſt
at me thy ayming hand.

Within my ſelfe (ô woe is me)
no health I finde,
Through feare and terror of thy face,
that ſeemes to wrath enclinde.

My very bones diſturbed be,
gone is their peace,
My owne beholding of my ſinnes,
doth worke my woes encreaſe.

And as my ſinnes ſurmounting are,
I muſt confeſſe,
So are they mounted on my head,
and heauy me oppreſſe.

My crimes forepaſt and pardoned,
like ſtarres remaine,
That putrifi'd breake out anewe,
becauſe I ſinne againe.

A wofull wretch am I become,
crooked I grow,
Each day I waile, and while I line,
I will continue ſo.

My members by illusions led
me so restraine,
My healthlesse body is vnapt
true vertue to retaine.

By great affliction I am brought
exceeding lowe;
Be moued, Lord, through my loud groanes,
thy mercies to bestowe.

My suites, ô Lord, tend all to thee,
thou knowest my case;
My plaints and penance, Lord, accept,
that so I may haue grace.

Within my selfe my silly heart
is vexed still,
My force is lost, my sight I lacke
to see and shun my ill.

In my displeasing thee, ô Lord,
right well I see,
My friends are foes, my life is sought,
and force is wrought on me.

They wish my ill, and speake my scorne;
and when they smile,
Their hate admits no time of stay
to studie fraud and guile.

But I, alas, with patience prest
must all forbeare,
Like to the dumbe, and seeming deafe,
I neither speake nor heare.

And for because, ô gracious God,
I trust in thee,
Thou wilt, I know, my louing Lord,
giue eare and aide to me.

Let not, O Lord, my foes prevaile,
leſt they reioyce,
Sith ſcarſe my feet I may remoue,
but they aduance their voice.

Of my miſdeeds I am prepar'd
to beare the ſmart:
Still is my ſinne before my ſight,
and ſorow in my hart.

I will reuolue my faults forepaſt
amids my minde,
And thoſe I truely will confeſſe,
that I may mercy finde.

Hate hath confirm'd on me my foes,
in wrongfull wiſe,
And ſtill they liue, and do increaſe,
whoſe enuy neuer dies.

They yeeld me ill that gaue them good,
and me deſie,
Becauſe I goodneſſe would enſue,
from which they ſeeke to flie.

Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
in ſtate diſtreſt;
Be ready, Lord, to my reliefe,
my life in thee doth reſt.

To Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghoſt
all glory be,
From former endleſſe date to dure
to all eternitie.

Beati quorum remiſſæ ſunt.

O How much bleſt may they remaine,
That pardon for their guilt obtaine,
And whoſe great ill, and ech offence,
Lies hid in contrite penitence!

What happy ſtate may he be in,
To whom our Lord imputes no ſin,
Whoſe conſcience doth no guile retaine,
That can himſelfe beguile againe?

I did my ſinnes in ſilence holde,
In griefe whereof my bones grew olde:
Meane while my dayes in plaints of paine,
Without redreſſe, I ſpent in vaine.

But when, O Lord, thy heauy hand
No day or night I could withſtand,
But that in anguiſh ouerworne,
My conſcience prickt as with a thorne:

Loe then, O Lord, I did beginne
To vtter all my ſecret ſinne,
No longer liſt I ought conceale,
But ech in inſtice to reueale.

Againſt my ſelfe, I ſayd, will I
My wrongs confeſſe, and faults defie:
To thee, O Lord, O Lord to thee,
That haſt from all abſolued me.

And ſince I thus thy mercies finde,
Let ech of good and godly minde
Approch to thee in happy time,
To pray for pardon of his crime.

For ſuch as ſo do ſincke in ſin,
That ſtill they plunged lie therein,
Vnable are of thee to gaine
What contrite ſinners can obtaine.

O Lord, my refuge reſts in thee,
When troubles do environ me:
O free me then, my freedomes ioy,
From ſuch as ſeeke me to annoy.

Great comforts, Lord, I do conceaue,
Thou me thy ſeruant wilt not leaue:
But wilt inſtruct and guide me right,
And keepe me euer in thy ſight.

O ye that careleſſe are of grace,
Beholde, and ſee your brutiſh caſe,
And be not as the horſe and mule,
That liue denoid of reaſons rule.

And thou, O Lord, in mercies rife,
Vouchſafe reſtraine their ſtraying life,
With bit and bridle make them ſtay,
That vnto thee will not obey.

Since that for thoſe of ſinfull trade
Full many ſcourges there be made,
Well's him that doth in God repoſe,
Whoſe mercies may his ſoule encloſe.

Be therefore ioyfull in our Lord,
All that to righteouſneſſe accord;
Let ech with gladneſſe beare his part,
That hath a pure and perfect hart.

All glory be, O Lord, to thee;
And to thy Sonne in like degree,
As alſo to the Holy Ghoſt
Perpetuall and enduring moſt.

Domine ne in furore.

WHen my misdeeds, ô God,
may thee to anger moone,
Amids the rigour of thy rage,
vouchsafe me not reproone.

Nor when for my offences
thy chastisement must be,
In thy displeasure, ô deare Lord,
let it not light on me.

Thy mercies Lord I craue,
of strength I am bereft;
O salue the soreneſſe, that my sinne
vpon my bones hath left.

My much aggrieued soule,
my sorrowes doth abound:
How long, O Lord, shall they endure,
or comfort be vnfound?

O turne thy selfe to me,
and rid my soule of paine,
Euen for thy mercies which exceed,
and euer doe remaine.

O haſten thee, O Lord,
to saue and set me free:
Amongſt the dead (to their auaile)
there's none can thinke on thee.

And in the depth of hell,
where there is no redreſſe,
Who is it that will giue thee praiſe,
or vnto thee confeſſe?

My sighings for my sinnes
haue past in painfull wise,
And I each night will waste my bed
with teares of wailing eies.

My sight is vext with feare
of furie in thy rage,
O that my sinnes must be my foes
to weare me out in age.

Away, away from me,
all yee that are vniust:
Let him my wofull sound receaue,
in whom I put my trust.

That I with ioy may say,
how to my suites accord,
Vouchsafed hath to condiscend
my deare and loning Lord.

Let shame my foes befall,
and vexed let them be,
Their owne conuersion, or their shame,
Lord, let them quickly see.

Glory, ô God to thee,
and vnto Christ thy sonne,
As also to the holy Ghost,
let endlesly by done.

CHAP. XIIII.

Memoratiues.

THe darts of lust are the eyes; and therefore fixe not thy eye on that which thou mayest not desire.

Opportunity kindleth the fire of concupiscence.

In all temptations it is safer to flie, than to fight with Satan.

Shun occaſion of doing euill, and thou haſt halfe ouercome him.

Affections are the feet of the minde; and therefore ſet watch ouer them, leſt they make hir miſcary.

Examine thy thoughts. If thou findeſt them to be good; here is the ſpirit: Quench not the ſpirit. If bad; forbid them entrance: for once admitted, they ſtraightwayes fortifie, and are expelled with more difficultie, than not admitted.

Epicuriſme is the fewell of luſt; the more thou addeſt, the more ſhe is inflamed.

There is no moment of time ſpent, which thou art not countable for, and therefore, when thou heareſt the clocke ſtrike, thinke there is now another houre come whereof thou art to yeeld a reckoning; and by endeuouring to ſpend one houre better than another, thou ſhalt come to ſome better perfection in Chriſtianity.

He that conſidereth the ioyes of heauen that good men expect, or the dread of torments which the bad ſhall ſuffer, will hardly ſinne.

The end of a diſſolute life is a deſperate death. There was neuer preſident to the contrary, but in the theefe in the Goſpell: In one, leſt any ſhould deſpaire: in one alone, leſt any ſhould preſume.

Thinke from whence thou cameſt, and bluſh: where thou art, and ſigh: and tremble to remember whither thou ſhalt goe.

Deſperate thoughts are fit for ſuch as feare ſhame, and not for ſuch as hope for credit.

Euill thoughts are the diuels harbingers: for he lodgeth not, but where they prouide his entertainment.

The whole world is as an houſe of exchange, in which Fortune is the nurſe that breeds alteration.

Miſhap is the touchſtone of friendſhip, and aduerſity the triall of friends.

Indifferent equality is ſafeſt ſuperiority.

Where

Where proportion keeps not the doore, there confusio will quickly enter.

Where passions encrease, complaints multiply.

It is neither freedome to liue licentiously, nor liber ty t liue without labour.

Labour in youth, giues strong hope of rest in olde age.

Carefulnesse and diligence are the keyes of certeinty.

A malefactor hath feare for his bedfellow, care for hi companion, and the sting of conscience for his torment.

In contention, aduised patience, and opportunity well ta ken, are the best weapons of aduantage.

Thanks waxe olde when gifts are had in possession.

So giue, as that thou mayest alwayes be giuing, and ne uer be sayd to haue done giuing.

Giue to the poore, but not beyond thy power.

If thou giuest a benefit, keepe it close; but if thou recei uest one, publish it: for that inuites another.

Let thy wit be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, th tongue thy seruant.

Let vertue be thy life, valour thy loue, honour thy fame and heauen thy felicity.

In differences rather chuse to purchase by persuasion than to enioy by violence.

He that leaues his wife a goldefinch, may hap at his re turne finde hir a wagtaile.

On the anuill of vpbraiding is forged the office of vn thankfulnesse.

True nobility descending from ancestry proues base, i present life continue not thy dignity.

The longer we delay to shew our vertue, the stronger the presumption that we are guiltie of base beginning.

Who may doe all that he will, will doe that which h should not.

Let thy speech be the shadow of thy deed.

He is not woorthy to finde the trueth, that deceitfull seeks hir.

Innocencie groweth in despight of oppression.
Dominion is alwayes attended by enuy.
Fortune is alwayes a friend to a froward minde.
He neuer giues in vaine that giues in zeale.
Courtesie is the true character of a good minde.
Anger is the cradle of courage.
Looking eyes haue liking hearts.
Trueth is the centre of religion.
Dominion is safest, where obedience is best nourished.
Let the eyes be sentinels of the body.
By being silent, thou shalt both know other mens imperfections, and conceale thine owne.
Charity and humility purchase immortality.
Age may gaze at beauties blossomes, but youth climbes the tree and enioyes the fruit.
Death is the tribute all flesh must pay.
He dies most willingly that liued most honestly.
Who liues to die, dies to liue.
Time is the herald of Trueth: and Trueth the daughter of Time.
Who climbes by priuie sinne, shall fall with open shame.
Who swimmes in vice, will sinke in vanity.
The yoong man may die quickly, but the olde man cannot liue long.
The chiefe properties of wisedome are to be mindfull of things past, carefull of things present, prouident of things to come.
The longer God stayeth, not finding amendment, the sorer he scourgeth when he comes to iudgement.
Whoso passeth many yeeres, and purchaseth little profit, hath had a long being, and a short life.
Let thy apparell be cleanly without singularitie: thy speech such as may mainteine loue and win affection.
Vse such affabilitie and conuenient complements, as com-

common ciuilitie and vſuall courteſie moſt requireth, without making thy ſelfe too cheape to thy friend, or him too deare to thee.

Be not at any time idle. *Alexanders* ſouldiers ſhould ſcale molehilles rather than reſt vnoccupied: it is the woman that ſitteth ſtill, that imagineth miſchiefe: it is the rolling ſtone that riſeth cleane, and the running water that remaineth cleare.

Standing water is ſooneſt frozen, and he that ſitteth ſtill is quickliеſt ouercome with ſleepe.

Thoughts are the buddes of the minde; and words the bloſſomes of their deſires; and deeds the fruits of their euent: and therefore he that will not ſuffer ill thoughts to fructifie, muſt crop them in the bud.

There be foure good mothers haue foure bad daughters: Trueth hath Hatred; Proſperity hath Pride; Security hath Perill; and Familiarity hath Contempt.

He that refuſeth to take counſell good cheape, buyes repentance too deare.

Let thy loue hang on thy hearts bottome, not on thy tongues brimme.

Miſtruſt no man without cauſe, neither be credulous without proofe.

Suſpition may enter a falſe action, but it is proofe brings in the good plea.

When we are moſt miſerable, then Gods grace is moſt fauourable.

Who thinkes before he doe, thriues before he thinke.

A peruerſe man is like a ſea crab that alwaies ſwimmes againſt the ſtreame.

Wiſedome is that Oliue that ſpringeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

The end of trecherie is to haue no truſt.

He that makes a queſtion where there is no doubt, muſt take an anſwer where there is no reaſon.

Where marriage rides on the saddle, repentance will be on the crupper.

Before thou sleepe, apparell thy remembrance with that thou didst waking.

It is lesse paine to learne in youth, then to be ignorant in old age.

Better not to be, then to be slaue to passion.

Innocency is the best good, and a guilty conscience the woorst euill.

Humilitie raiseth when fortune depresseth.

He receiues a benefit that bestowes it woorthily:

Curtesie in maiestie bindes affection in dutie.

Delay in punishment is no priuiledge of pardon.

The law of feare is melted by Christ in the mould of loue.

Euerie man is the workeman of his fortune, and fashioneth hir according to his maners.

Happy is that mishap whereby we passe to better perfection.

Pouertie that contenteth is best riches.

Death and misfortune come soone inough if slow inough.

So loue as thou maiest hate.

So hate as thou maiest loue, and both without challenge.

Opinion iudgeth that the best, that it least enioieth.

Iudges opinions make suites immortall.

A good beliefe bringeth foorth a good life.

No greater comfort then to know much: no lesse labour then to say little.

No greater misery then to fall into vnknowen miserie.

Prosperitie breedeth ignorance, and aduersitie bringeth foorth knowledge.

He cannot iudge of pleasure, that neuer tasted paine.

He findes best helpe in aduersitie, that seekes it in prosperitie.

The

The man is happieſt that liueth leaſt his owne, and moſt his neighbours.

A little ſtreame driues a light mill.

A ſmall ſumme paies a ſhort reckoning.

Giue a lazie clarke a leane fee.

In little medling lieth much reſt.

Where opportunitie opens the ſhop dore, the ware is beſt ſold.

A wanton eie lighteth where it leueleth.

Iealouſie is the herbinger of diſdaine.

He that will ſtirre affection in others, muſt ſhew paſsion in himſelfe.

Lingering is lothſome where neceſsitie requireth haſte.

Careleſſe men are euer neereſt their owne harme.

After the vnlawfull getting of a couetous father, ſoone followeth the riotous ſpending of a prodigall ſonne.

The vertue of a prince is the chiefeſt authoritie of his magiſtrate.

A milde anſwer reconciles diſpleaſure.

A wanton eie is the meſſenger of an vnchaſt heart.

There is nothing ſwifter decreaſing, then youth while it is increaſing.

The ſoule is the greateſt thing in the leaſt continent.

Let the limits of thy power, be the bounds of thy will.

A faire woman is a paradiſe to the eie, a purgatorie to the purſe, and a hell to the ſoule.

The death of an euill man is the ſafetie of a good man.

What harme the heart doth thinke, and hand effect, that will the worme of conſcience betray.

FINIS.

FINIS.

THE BALLAD,

OR;

Some Scurrilous Reflections

In Verſe,

On the PROCEEDINGS of the Honourable HOUSE of COMMONS:

ANSWERED

STANZA by *STANZA.*

WITH THE

Memorial, *Alias* Legion,

REPLY'D TO

Paragraph by *Paragraph.*

London, Printed by D. Edwards, and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

THE BALLAD;

A

Poem.

Some Serious Reflections

ON

THE VERSE.

ONE PROPER METHOD of declaiming

THE POEMS OF HOMER:

AND

SOMEWHAT BY WAY OF

Memorial, TO Every

READER OF

POETRY.

THE PREFACE.

THO' the Design of this Publication is of so commendable a Nature in its self, as to need nothing to be said in favour of it; yet it may not be amiss, to make some Reflections in Prose, when the Ballad has escap'd the Censure of Verse, and take notice of the Clemency of those Gentlemen its Presumptious Author taxes with Cruelty.

We have seen, these two or three days last past, Papers publickly cry'd about, that dar'd the Face of Authority, and the Members abus'd that compose that Venerable Assembly that sat for the Redress of our Grievances, and has been employ'd in asserting our Right and Liberties; yet has their Patience been such, as to shew us regard to those Abuses which bore none to Truth, and pass by Calumnies they were sensible the Good Laws they had oblig'd us with, could not deserve.

Whosoever the two Authors are, the scurrilous pieces of Scandal that comes from 'em, have Impudence enough in 'em to be call'd

liament thought 'em beneath their notice, I could not but think my self oblig'd to send some Remarks of mine to keep 'em Company, since all the People of England *are scandaliz'd in the Persons of those that represent us.*

And tho' I may not probably make such a Figure in Metre, as this Champion of Quality, or the Prose defender of Rebellion; I am certain I have spoken more Truth, and am ready to own my self to be of the same order of Men, which their way of writing points them out to be of. For if they are of that House they write in defence of, I dare affirm them to be the most unmannerly P——rs living; but his Stanza's are of such a Complexion, and his mercinary Paragraphs have such an unsavoury Tincture that I could not but think 'em two of our Suburbian Hirelings; And as such, I have endeavour'd to treat 'em.

THE
Ballad, &c.

I.

YE True-born *Engliſhmen* proceed
Our trifling Crimes Detect,
Let the Poor Starve, Religion Bleed,
The *Dutch* be damn'd, the *French* ſucceed,
And all by your Neglect.

ANSWER.

Ye Slaves who make it your Pretence
To ſeek the Nations Good,
And cant, and ſnarl, and give Offence
To Men of Honeſty and Senſe,
As all Diſſemblers ſhou'd.

II.

Your Actions all the World disgust,
The *French* are only glad,
Your Friends your Honesty distrust,
And while you think you're Wise and Just,
The Nation thinks you mad.

ANSWER.

Speak Truth for once, and freely own
The Justice of their Cause
That never Parliament was known
To be more faithful to the Throne,
Or made more wholesom Laws.

III.

Are these the ways your Wisdom takes.
To raise our Reputation?
To Quarrel at a few Mistakes
While *France* their own Advantage makes,
And laughs at all the Nation.

AN-

ANSWER.

If evil Councillors preſide,
And publick harms propoſe,
The way to humble France's *Pride*
Is certainly to have 'em try'd
That we may know our Foes.

IV.

You are the People who of Old
The Nations Troops disbanded,
And now you ſhould your Friends uphold,
Your Friends and you are bought and ſold,
As always was intended.

ANSWER.

When all the Fears of War were paſs'd
And Peace was dearly gain'd
Our Money ran away ſo faſt,
We muſt have ſold our ſelves at laſt,
Had we thoſe Troops *maintain'd.*

V.

V.

There's none but Fools in Time to come
Will Truſt the *Engliſh* Nation;
For if they do they know their Doom,
That we'll be falling out at Home
And baulk their Expectation.

ANSWER.

However when a Neighbr'ing Shore
Demanded promis'd Aid,
They ſent ten thouſand Warriors o're,
Keeping the Faith they gave before,
And whom they ſent they pay'd.

VI.

You are the Nations Grand Defence
Againſt Illegal Power;
And yet againſt both Law and Senſe,
And ſometimes too without pretence
You ſend Folk to the Tower.

A

ANSWER.

And as the Duty's of their Place
Were to detect Abuſes,
Corruption durſt not ſhew its Face,
Or Monies ſpent in any Caſe
In Bribes or evil Uſes,

VII.

Some Lords your Anger have incurr'd
For Treaty of Partition,
But if you'll take the Nations word,
Moſt People think it was Abſurd
And empty of Diſcretion.

ANSWER.

The Treaty of Partition muſt
Without all Doubt have faults,
If we can Lord or Commons truſt
Who voted Both it was unjuſt,
And ſpoke the Nations thoughts.

VIII.

For if that Treaty as 'tis fam'd,
Gave part of *Spain* to *Gaul*,
Why ſhould thoſe Gentlemen be blam'd
When you your ſelves are not aſham'd
To let 'em take it All?

ANSWER.

Then how can they be faultleſs who,
Gave Counſel to divide,
Or it in any ſenſe be true,
That Senators French *ſteps purſue,*
That take the Auſtrian *ſide.*

Bribes and ill Practices you found
And ſome few felt your Power,
But ſoon you run your ſelves aground
For had you puſh'd the Matter round,
You all had gone to th' Tower.

AN-

ANSWER.

Shepherd, *and the* Tooth-drawing *Squire*
Who'd be a Legiſlator,
When Burgeſſes let out to Hire
Would gratify a Knaves deſire
Know quite another Matter.

X.

Some Reformation has from you,
In vain been long expected,
For when you ſhould your Buſineſs do,
Your private Quarrels you purſue,
And the Nation lies neglected.

ANSWER.

The Rights of thoſe they repreſent
Should ne're be yielded by 'em.
And as they Articles have ſent,
The Peers might hold themſelves content,
And by known Rules to try 'em.

XI.

Long has the Kingdom born the weight
Of your deficient Funds,
That Parliamentary publique cheat.
Pray where's the difference of that
And Plundering with Dragoons?

ANSWER.

Long has the Kingdom ſhewn its Zeal.
And been at vaſt Expences.
To forward good of Common-weal
And given Money, Hand and Seal,
To prove 'twas in its Senſes.

XII.

Are you the People that complain
Of Arbitrary Power?
Then ſhew the Nation if you can,
Where Kings have been, ſince Kings began,
Such Tyrants as you are.

AN-

ANSWER.

Yet have ſome Miſcreants ta'ne the parts
Of Patriots miſguided,
And curs'd the Men that had the Hearts
To take to thoſe, who ſtudied Arts,
That with their Country ſided.

XIII.

When Kings with right and Law diſpenſe,
And ſet up Power deſpotick,
It has been counted Law and Senſe
To take up Arms againſt our Prince,
And call in aids Exotick.

ANSWER.

It's thought a Buſineſs now of great,
And wond'rous Reputation,
To ruin us and help the State,
While Nobles Sin at any Rate,
And Beggar half the Nation.

XIV.

But you, although your Powers depend
On every Plowman's Vote,
Beyond the Law that Power extend,
To ruin thoſe you ſhould defend,
And ſell the Power you bought.

ANSWER.

And as their Priviledge takes Riſe
From Men of Low Condition,
To ſtudy ev'ry thwarting Vice,
That may bring twelve Pence to a Sice,
And hinder Coalition.
Is it for this we muſt be thought,
Strange inſolent Pretenders,
Whilſt poor unthinking Lords are caught
And vindicate that ſorry thought
That clears impeach'd Offenders.

XV.

The King Religion did Commend
To you his *Law-Explainers*,
We know not what you may intend,
Nor how you ſhould Religion mend,
Unleſs you will your Manners.

ANSWER.

A Pious King may recommend
Good Statutes to Law-givers;
But how can Nobles who pretend
Religious Matters to befriend,
Do good while ſuch Bad Livers?

XVI.

You are the Nations darling Sons,
The Abſtract of our Mobb,
For City Knights and Wealthy Clowns,
Stock Jobbers, Stateſmen and Buffoons,
You may defie the Globe.

AN-

ANSWER.

It's true the Common's all are Choſe,
By Common-People's Charters.
But every living Creature knows,
No Souls are thought ſuch Common Foes,
As Coronets and Garters.

XVII.

Toland inſults the Holy Ghoſt,
Brib'd *S——r* bribes accuſes,
Good Manners and Religion's loſt,
The King who was your Lord of Hoſt,
The Raskal *H——w* abuſes.

ANSWER.

S——rs *to his Immortal Fame*
Has heard his Crimes repeated,
And naval O——d *to his Shame,*
Has got a Conſcientious *Name*
By being falſe acquitted.

XVIII.

Your Statesmen G——*le* with intent
To cultivate with Care,
The dignity of Parliament,
Plyes closely at the Dancing tent,
And manages *May*-Fair.

ANSWER.

Bold H——m *has utter'd words,*
Audacious in Committee,
And giv'n Affronts to those whose Swords,
Were full as sharp as any Lords,
And Sentences as witty.

XIX.

The True-Born Heroes diligence
For publique good appears,
There he refines his Wit and Sense
That the next day in our defence
May fill Committee Chairs.

ANSWER.

Tho' G——lle has been lately bought
And Country left for Court,
And C——tts to shew he valued nought,
That was Unparliamentary thought
Attended Lords Report.

XX.

The limitation of the Crown
Is your Immediate care,
If your *Wise Articles* go down,
Your Power will be so Lawless grown,
'Tis no matter who's the Heir.

ANSWER.

If the Succession Bill restrain's
All Arbitrary Notions,
Had Men, or Gratitude, or Brains,
They'd fairly thank 'em for their Pains,
And praise such useful Motions.

XXI.

Did we for this depoſe our Prince,
And Liberty aſſume,
That you ſhould with our Laws diſpenſe,
Commit Mankind without Offence,
And Govern in his Room?

ANSWER.

Our Prince has been depos'd for things
Of fatal Conſequences;
But he that this poor inference brings
That they who choſe one ſince, are Kings,
Muſt needs be out of's Senſes.

XXII.

You ſhou'd find out ſome other word
To give the Crowns *Accepter*,
To call him King wou'd be Abſurd,
For tho' he'll ſeem to wear the Sword,
'Tis you have got the Scepter.

AN-

ANSWER.

Senates think fit for publick good
To bridle Regal Power,
And make Kings act as Monarchs ſhou'd,
That ſpare their Subjects Wealth and Blood,
Not thoſe they Rule devour.

XXIII.

And now your wrath is ſmoaking hot
Againſt the *Kent* Petition,
No Man alive can tell for what,
But telling Truths which pleas'd you not,
And taxing your Diſcretion.

ANSWER.

If Men of Kent *Petitions draw,*
And idly vote Supplies,
Inſtead of thoſe who make the Law,
The Gate-Houſe, *or ſome* Bedlam *Straw,*
Muſt ſerve to make 'em Wiſe.

XXIV.

If you thoſe Gentlemen detain
By your unbounded Power,
'Tis hop'd you'l never more complain
Of Biſhops in King *James*'s Reign,
Sent blindly to the *Tower*.

ANSWER.

The Biſhops were cloſe Priſoners made,
By reaſon of their Conſcience,
But theſe Impertinents, affraid
A War would ſpoil their Owling Trade,
Are ſhut up for their Nonſence.

XXV.

A ſtrange Memorial too there came,
Your Members to affront,
Which told you Truths you dare not Name,
And ſo the Paper ſcap'd the Flame,
Or elſe it had been burnt.

ANSWER.

The Houſe had other Fiſh to fry,
When Legions *Libel came,*
Then to ſit talking o're a Lye,
Which had been puniſh'd, by the By,
Had th' Author ſent his Name.

XXVI.

Some ſaid the Language was ſevere,
And into Paſſion flew,
Some too began to curſe and ſwear,
And call'd the Author *Mutineer,*
But all Men ſaid 'twas true.

ANSWER.

The Language certainly was ſuch
As ſhew'd the Writers breeding,
And for Civility kept touch
With thoſe, it would defend, the Dutch,
That uſe ſuch rough Proceeding.

XXVII.

But oh! the Conſternation now
In which you all appear!
'Tis plain from whence your terrors flew,
For had your guilt been leſs you knew,
So would have been your fear.

ANSWER.

And ſince ſuch falſhoods were giv'n out,
By thoſe who wiſh'd 'em Evil,
Twas time for them to look about,
And to prevent the Rabble Rout,
Since Mob's a very Devil.

XXVIII.

In Fifteen Articles you're told
You have our Rights betray'd,
Banter'd the Nation, bought and ſold
The Liberties you ſhou'd uphold;
No wonder you're afraid.

AN-

ANSWER.

Five Hundred Articles might ſhew
What Malice could deviſe,
But had thoſe Articles been true,
And worthy of a Publick view,
Their Votes had made 'em Lyes.

XXIX.

And now to make your ſelves appear
The more Impertinent,
A wiſe Addreſs you do prepare,
To have His Majeſty take care
Rebellion to prevent.

ANSWER.

Addreſſes at a time when thoſe
They wiſely repreſent,
Are threatn'd by the Kingdoms Foes,
Who wou'd have Brethren come to Blows,
Are needful by Conſent.

XXX.

XXX.

No doubt His Majeſty will pleaſe
To take your Cauſe in hand,
Beſides the work is done with eaſe,
Full *Seven thouſand Men* he has
The Nation to defend.

ANSWER.

His Majeſty has taken care
To Guard us at their Motion,
And where we've Fleets without compare,
Seven thouſand Men are very fair,
When they command the Ocean.

XXXI.

Our Hundred Thouſand Heroes more
Do our Train'd Bands compoſe,
If foreign Forces ſhou'd come o're,
Plant them and you upon the Shoar,
How bravely you'l oppoſe.

AN-

ANSWER.

There's no great likelihood appears
Of Forreigners Invasion,
Since Rook *arounnd the Channel steers,*
And Troops enough to quell those Fears,
Are ready on Occasion.

XXXII.

Then blush ye Senators to see
How all Men stand dismay'd,
The Nation shou'd so patient be,
To bear withal your Villany,
And see themselves betray'd.

ANSWER.

Then blush, vile, murm'ring Scribe at sight
Of what you cannot prove,
And see whilst you Invectives write,
How Senators contemn your spight,
And gain the Nations Love.

XXXIII.

It was our Freedom to defend,
That *We the People* chose you,
And *We the People* do pretend
Our power of Choosing may extend
To punish and depose you.

ANSWER.

We Apples *cry'd the* Horse-Turds, who
Were nought, but common Dung,
So We the People's *us'd by you,*
Who never had perhaps to do
With Choosing *Right or Wrong.*

XXXIV.

For since in vain our Hopes and Fears,
Petitions too are vain,
No Remedy but this appears,
To pull the House about your Ears,
And send you home again.

AN-

ANSWER.

But ſoftly, Friend, 'twixt you and me,
This would for Truth be known
Shou'd any be ſo bold, he'd ſee
Their Ear would ſtand, and ſuch as he,
Would probably have none.

XXXV.

Theſe are the Nations Diſcontents,
The Cauſes are too true,
The Ploughman now his Choice repents,
For tho' he values Parliaments,
He's out of Love with *You*.

ANSWER.

That Ploughman neither muſt have Wit
Or ſenſe of growing Favours,
Who does not wiſh and think it fit,
Such Patriots ſhou'd for ever ſit,
And perfect their Endeavours.

XXXVI.

When to be chose with Caps in hand
You courted every Voice,
You were our Servants at Command,
By which it seems you understand,
Until we made our Choice.

ANSWER.

If things were rightly understood,
You'd be in other Story,
And freely own, as Sinners shou'd,
They're forced to beg to do us Good,
And forward Englands *Glory.*

XXXVII.

If that be true, we let you know
Upon that very Score,
You'd best your present Hours bestow
In all the Mischiefs you can do,
For we'll ne're choose you more.

ANSWER.

Scriblers may Write what Scriblers please,
And threatning Periods use,
But such poor Animals as these
Are of such Pennyless Degrees,
They have no Right to Chuse.

LEGIONS.

Mr. S——R.

THE *Memorial you are Charg'd with, in the behalf of many Thousands of the good People of* England.

There is neither Popish, Jacobite, Seditious, Court, *or* Party Interest *concern'd in it; but Honesty and Truth.*

You are commanded by Two Hundred Thousand Englishmen, *to deliver to the H---e of C---s, and to inform them that it is no Banter, but Serious Truth; and a Serious Regard to it is expected; nothing but Justice, and their Duty is required, and it is required by them who have brth a Right to Require, and Power to Compel,* viz. *the People of* England.

We could have come to the House Strong enough to Oblige them to hear us, but we have avoided any Tumults, not desiring to Embroil, but to Save our Native Country.

If you refuse to communicate it to them, you will find cause in a short time to Repent it.

To *R——t H——y* Esq; of C——s, S——r to the H——e These.

M——S. *Answer.*

THE *Enclosed Libel,* to which its Author gives the Name of a *Memorial,* bears so little proportion to the Sentiments of the People, and has so small an Argument with either *Honesty or Truth,* that not one of the *Good People of England,* tho' he boasts of *many Thousands,* can be concern'd in it.

As it is written in favour of the Proceedings of a certain Body of Men, who would stretch the Power of Greatness beyond its due length, and would take off from those Authorities of Parliament, which have been so generously Asserted in the Days of our Fore-fathers, so 'tis hop'd the next Sessions will give those Worthy Persons, who Generously

ſtand up for the Privileges of the Commons of *England*, an Opportunity of going thro' with ſo laudable a deſign as the Puniſhment of evil Councillors, the Promotion of the King's Honour, and Advancement of the Publick Good.

And you may be aſſur'd you ſhall not want thoſe to ſtand by you, who have entruſted you with the Defence of their Rights, and Liberties, notwithſtanding the Numbers which a *Prerogative* Party may threaten You with; ſince the People of *England's* Honour is concern'd in the Violation of that of their Repreſentatives, and we ought to vindicate the Proceedings of thoſe Gentlemen that would bring the Betrayers of their Country to publick Juſtice.

To the H——ble R——. H — y Eſq; S— r of the H—— of C———

The Memorial.

To the K———r, C———s, and B———s in P———t Aſſembled.

A Memorial. *Legion.*

From the Gentlemen, Free-holders and Inhabitants of the Counties of---- in the behalf of themſelves, and many Thouſands of good People of *England*.

Gentlemen,

It were to be wiſh'd you were Men of that Temper, and poſſeſs'd of ſo much Honour, as to bear with the Truth, tho' it be againſt you: Eſpecially from us who have ſo much Right to tell it you: but ſince even Petitions to you from Your Maſters, (for ſuch are the People who Choſe you) are ſo Haughtily receiv'd, as with the Committing the Authors to Illegal Cuſtody; you muſt give us leave to give you this fair Notice of your Misbehaviour, without Expoſing our Names.

An. To ſhew us what ſort of *Truths* the Houſe of Commons are debar'd to *hear* with, the Libeller begins with that of the *People's* being their Repre-

ſentatives *Maſters*, becauſe they *Choſe* 'em, which is altogether as falſe, as if he ſhould ſay they are His Majeſty's Superiors, on account of their Inveſting him with the Royal Authority. A ſort of an Aſſertion he might well be aſham'd of, and for that Reaſon forbear to expoſe his Name on account of it.

Le. If you think fit to rectifie your Error, you will do well, and poſſibly may hear no more of us; but if not, aſſure your ſelves the Nation will not long hide their Reſentment. And tho' there are no ſtated Proceedings to bring you to your Duty, yet the great Law of Reaſon ſays, and all Nations allow, that whatever Power is above Law, is Buthenſome and Tyrannical; and may be Reduc'd by *Extrajudicial* Methods: You are not above the Peoples Reſentment,, they that made you Members, may reduce you to the ſame Rank from whence they choſe you, and may give you a Taſte of their abuſed Kindneſs, in Terms you may not be pleas'd with.

Anſ. Power above Law is allow'd to be *Burthenſom*, &c. but a Power that goes hand in hand with it (as theirs does) is of a different Nature; and if the People have a Right of Unmaking, *alias* diſſolving Parliaments, they are upon the ſame Level with the Prince, whichſeems wholly contradictory to the Deſign of this pretended *Memorial*.

Le. When the People of *England* Aſſembl'd in Convention, Preſented the Crown to His preſent Majeſty, they annexed a Declaration of the Rights of the People, in which was Expreſs'd what was Illegal and Arbitrary in the former Reign, and was claim-ed as of Right to be done by Succeding Kings of *England*.

In like manner, here follows, *Gentlemen*, a ſhort Abridgement of the Nations Grievances, and of your Illegal and Unwarrantable Practices; and a Claim of Right which we make in the Name of our Selves, and ſuch of the good People of *England*, as are juſtly Alarm'd at your Proceedings.

Anſ. The Convention made their Claim of Right for the ſake of the People. but

our Malecontent enters his, on purpose to set 'em together by the Ears; and tho' he has no Grievances to be Redress'd in relation to the Gentlemen he makes his Address to, yet it may be observable, he tacitely owns the Superiority of them he call'd the People's Servants, by this Impudent Remonstrance.

Le. To raise Funds, for Money, and Declare by borrowing Clauses, that whosoever Advances Money on those Funds, shall be Re-imburs'd out of the next Aid, if the Funds fall short; and then give Subsequent Funds, without Transferring the Deficiency of the former, is a horrible Cheat on the Subject who lent the Money; a Breach of Publick Faith, and destructive to the Honour and Credit of Parliaments.

Ans. The raising Funds by such Unanimous Resolutions and quick Dispatches, without burthening the Subject should have more grateful Returns: and we must acknowledge the Deficiency of Funds to be the Effect of their Compassion, as their Endeavours to make 'em good, are to be attributed to their great Love of Justice.

Le. To Imprison Men who are not your own Members, by no Proceedings but a Vote of the House, and to continue them in Custody, *Sine die*, is Illegal; a Notorious Breach of the Liberty of the People; Setting up a Dispensing Power in the House of Commons, which your Fathers never pretended to; bidding Defiance to the *Habeas Corpus* Act, which is the Bulwark of Personal Liberty, destructive of the Laws, and Betraying the Trust repos'd in you. *The King at the same time being oblig'd to continue in Custody the Horrid Assassinators of his Person.*

Ans. The Right of Parliaments to commit Offenders and punish their Delinquencies, has been deduc'd to 'em from their Ancestors, and has so many Presidents for their Justifications; that no Person who had any Remembrance of former Proceedings would question it: and how the King was forc'd to Petition them to continue the Conspirators in Custody, when they mov'd His Majesty by Bill for it, I can't possibly prevail with my

Le. Committing to Cuſtody thoſe Gentlemen, who at the Command of the People (whoſe Servants you are) did in Peaceable way put you in mind of Petitioning for Redreſs of Grievances, which has by all Parliaments before you, been acknowledg'd to be their undoubted Right.

Anſ. If Gentlemen turn intermeddlers with what concerns them not, and ſet up for their Councillor's Adviſers, they ought to be made ſenſible of their Faults, and brought to a ſenſe of their Duty.

Le. Voting a Petition from the Gentlemen of *Kent* Inſolent, is Ridiculous and Impertinent, becauſe the Free-holders of *England* are your Superiors; and is a Contradiction in it ſelf, and a Contempt of the *Engliſh* Freedom, and contrary to the Nature of Parliamentary Power.

Anſ. To call an Audacious Petition Inſolent, is to give it his true Name; and to ſay the Parliament are the Nations Servants, otherwiſe than the Members of it are Volunteers to do it Service, has nothing but downright Falſhood in it.

Le. Voting People guilty of Bribery and Ill Practices, and Committing them, as aforeſaid, without Bail, and then upon Submiſſion, and kneeling to your Houſe, diſcharging them; Exacting Exorbitant Fees by your Officers, is Illegal, Betraying the Juſtice of the Nation, Selling the Liberty of the Subject, encouraging the Extortion and Villany of Gaolers and Officers; and diſcontinuing the Legal Proſecution of Offenders in the ordinary Courſe of Law.

Anſ. There Votes were founded upon Subſtantial Proofs, and their releaſe of the Perſons brib'd, upon the utmoſt Compaſſion. And paying the accuſtom'd Fees, as regulated by Authority of Parlaments, is ſo far from being an Exaction, that it would be an Injury to the Subject, ſhould they give 'em away from them who had purchas'd 'em.

Le. Proſecuting the Crime of Bribery in ſome to ſerve a Party, and then proceed no farther, tho' Proof lay before you, is Partial and Unjuſt; and a Scandal upon the Honour of Parliaments.

Anſ. Their

Anſ. Their Delay in bringing Matters to Severity againſt the Perſons accus'd, proceeded from their earneſt Deſire to preſerve that People, ſome of which rais'd theſe Clamours againſt them.

Le. Voting the Treaty of Partition Fatal to *Europe*, becauſe it gave ſo much of the *Spaniſh* Dominions to the *French*, and not concerning your ſelves to prevent their Poſſeſſion of it all. Deſerting the *Dutch* when the *French* are at their Doors, till it be almoſt too late to help them; is Unjuſt to our Treaties, and unkind to our Confederates, Diſhonourable to the *Engliſh* Nation, and ſhews you very negligent of the Safety of *England*, and of our Proteſtant Neighbours.

Anſ. If they Voted the Treaty of *Partition* Fatal to *Europe*, the Effect of it Juſtified their proceedings; and the timely Aſſiſtance they ſent the *Dutch*, has been acknowledg'd by His Majeſty, as the only Means to preſerve the Ballance of *Europe*, which is directly contrary to this Aſſertion.

Le. Ordering immediate Hearings to trifling Petitions, to pleaſe Parties in Elections; and *Poſtponing* the Petition of a Widow for the Blood of her Murther'd Daughter, without giving it a reading: is an illegal Delay of Juſtice, and diſhonourable to Publick Juſtice of the Nation.

Anſ. To gratifie the Deſires of whole Bodies of Men, ought to be preferable to the Encouragement of an idle Womans *Petition*, that had nothing in it againſt a Gentleman of eſtabliſh'd Repuation, who had been Honourably Acquitted by due courſe of Law.

Le. Addreſſing the King to diſplace his Friends upon bare Surmiſes, before a Legal Tryal or Article prov'd, is Illegal, and Inverting the Law, and making Execution go before Judgment; contrary to the true Senſe of the Law, which eſteems every Man a good Man till ſomething appears to the contrary.

Anſ. When the King for want of Advice, and a due knowledge of our *Engliſh* Conſtitutions, entertains thoſe for Favourites, that are approv'd E-

nemies

nemies to the *Engliſh* Reputation, 'tis but juſt to petition for their removal: and His Majeſty's diſplacing of 'em, would be nothing like Execution before Judgment; ſince Judgments upon Impeachments, are Impriſonments and pecuniary.

Le. Delaying the Proceedings upon Capital Impeachments, to blaſt the Reputation of the Perſons, without proving the Fact; is Illegal and Oppreſſive, Deſtructive of the Liberty of *Engliſhmen*, a Delay of Juſtice, and a Reproach of Parliaments.

Anſ. The delay of the Tryals of the Impeach'd Lords might probably lie at another door; and if they'll believe their own Repreſentatives, other Gentlemen occaſion'd the Obſtruction.

Le. Suffering Sawcy and indecent Reproaches upon His Majeſty's Perſon to be publickly made in your Houſe; particularly by that Impudent Scandal of Parliaments *J---n H--w*, without ſhewing ſuch Reſentments as you ought to do. The ſaid *J--- H---*, ſaying only, *That His Majeſty had made a Felonious Treaty to rob his Neighbours*; inſinuating, that the Partition Treaty (which was every way as juſt as blowing up one Man's Houſe to ſave anothers) *was a Combination to rob the King of* Spain *of its due.* This is making a *Billingſgate* of the Houſe, and ſetting to *Bully* your Soveraign, contrary to the Intent and Meaning of that Freedom of Speech, which you claim as a Right; is ſcandalous to Parliaments; Undutiful and Unmannerly, and a Reproach to the whole Nation.

Anſ. Mr. *How* might probably out of his great Abhorrence of Injuſtice; add an Epithet to that Treaty, which the Nature of it deſerv'd. But the Reflection was very far from falling on His Majeſty, ſince, the whole Houſe in their Addreſs had wholly laid the Odium of it upon thoſe that adviſ'd it.

Le. Your S---r Exacting the Exorbitant Rate of 10 *l. per Diem* for the V--s, and giving the Printer encouragement to raiſe it on the People, by ſelling them at 4 *d. per* Sheet; is Illegal and Arbitrary Exaction, diſhonourable to the Houſe, and burthen-

Anſ. If the Speaker is expected to maintain the Dignity of the High Poſt he has been call'd to by Choice of Parliament, he ought to have the ſame Allowance as moſt of his Predeceſſors, and its none of his Fault that the Votes run at ſo high a Rate; but the Niggardly Temper of the Printers, whom they ought to diſcourage by not buying 'em, ſince he has no ſuch price for them.

Le. Neglecting ſtill to pay the Nations Debts, Compounding for Intereſt, and *Poſtponing* Petitions; is Illegal, Diſhonourable, and Deſtructive of the Publick Faith.

Anſ. The Payment of the Nations Debts has taken up a Conſiderable part of their Care, and the deſtruction of the publick Faith can be no other way brought about, than by thoſe that encourage publick Diſſentions.

Le. Publickly neglecting the Great work of *Reformation of Manners*, tho' often preſs'd to it by the King, to the great Diſhonour of God, and encouragement of Vice, is a Neglect of your Duty, and an Abuſe of the Truſt repos'd in you, by *God*, His *Majeſty*, and the *People*.

Anſ. When ſuch Fellows as our Impudent Author, are beyond any poſſibility of being Reform'd, it is but flinging away their precious time to make Laws in order to reclaim 'em.

Le. Being Scandalouſly Vicious your ſelves, both in your Morals and Religion; Lew'd in Life, and Erroneous in Doctrine, having publick Blaſphemers, and Impudent Deniers of the Divinity of our Saviour amongſt you, and ſuffering them unreproved and unpuniſhed, to the infinite Regret of all good Chriſtians, and the Juſt Abhorrence of the whole Nation.

Anſ. Then he that pretends to be one of the Electors of 'em has made a fine Choice, if Perſons of ſuch ill Fame and Morals repreſent him. But I am of another Opinion; and tho' they have no Lawn Sleeves among 'em, their Choice of Preachers, and Approbation of Pious, Learned, and Edifying

Le Wherefore, In the laid Prospect of the impend-ing Ruin of our Native Country, while Parliaments (which ought to be the Security and Defence of our Laws and Constitution) betray their Trust and abuse the People whom they should protect: And no other way being left us but *That Force* which we are very loath to make use of, that Posterity may know we did not insensibly fall under the Tyranny of a Prevailing Party,

Ans. They have made such provision for the publick Security, that nothing can obstruct it, unless the Jealousies and Fears he dispersés among us, has that ill Effect as to disturb it. And for the making use of Force which he rebelliously threaten's 'em with, their *Party*, without doubt will be so *Prevailing*, as to be able to repel it with the same violent Methods. We do hereby

Claim and Declare.

Le. That it is the Undoubted Right of the People of *England*, in Case their Representatives in Parliament do not proceed according to their Duty, and the Peoples Interest, to inform them of their Dislike, disown their Actions, and to direct them to such thinks as they think fit, either by Petition, Address, Proposal, Memorial, or any other peaceable way.

Ans. The People by the Choice of their Representatives resign up all their Authority to 'em which they are actually invested with; and whatever Petition, Address, Proposal, Memorial, *&c.* is represented by them, may be rejected by the aforesaid Power they have given 'em.

Le. That the *House of Commons*, separately and otherwise than by Bill legally pass'd into an Act, have no Legal Power to suspend or dispense with the Laws of the Land, any more than the King has by his Prerogative.

Ans. There are Precedents from the first Institution of *Parliaments* to the contrary, and the Repeal of any Law whatsoever, if not judg'd useful, has been always allow'd to be their *Prerogative*, which has never been otherwise by those that are

now

now Members of the House of Commons, otherwise than in Concert with the two other Estates of the Nation.

Le. That the *House of Commons* have no Legal Power to imprison any Person, or commit them to Custody of Sergeants, or otherwise (their own Members except) but ought to Address the King, to cause any Perso, on good Grounds, to be apprehended, which Person so apprehended, ought to have the Benefit of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and be fairly brought to Tryal by due Course of Law.

Ans. Where would be the punishment of rich Offenders, should the *Habeas Corpus* Act be allow'd, in Cases of *Kentish Petitioners*, and other such Insolent pretenders to prescribe turning their Addresses into Bills of Supplies to *Parliament?*

Le. That if the *House of Commons*, in Breach of the Laws and Liberties of the People, do betray the Trust repos'd in them, and act Negligent or Arbitrarily and Illegally, it is the undoubted Right of the People of *England* to call them to an Account for the same, and by Convention, Assembly or Force may proceed against them as Traytors and Betrayers of their Country.

Ans. Inferiors must not be Judges where Superiors are concern'd, and things are not come to such a pass as they were in 48, when even a King Himself was sentenc'd to Death by the Instigation of the Devil and those he now calls the *People.*

Le. These things we think proper to declare, as the unquestion'd Right of the People of *England*, whom you serve, and in pursuance of that Right (avoiding the Ceremony of Petitioning our Inferiors, for such you are by your present Circumstances, as the Person *sent* is less than the *Sender*) We do publickly protest against all your foresaid Illegal Actions, and in the Name of our Selves, and of all the good People of *England*.

Ans. The person sent may be less than the Senders, but when One is to be Chosen into an High Station by his Superiors, the Elected has certainly got the Start of the Electors, and is Superior to those whom he may call *The People of England.* Re-

Le. That all the Publick Juſt Debts of the Nation be forthwith Paid and Diſcharg'd.

Anſ. They'll agree to the *Propoſal*; Will the *Perſon* that makes the *Demand* furniſh 'em with Ways and Means.

Le. That all Perſons *illegally impriſon'd*, as aforeſaid, be either immediately diſcharged, or admitted to Bail, as by Law they ought; and the Liberty of the Subject Recogniz'd and Reſtor'd.

Anſ. This will alſo be allow'd, if Sir *Poſitive*, can bring any *Proof* of *Perſons* being Illegally Confin'd.

Le. That *J----n H---w* aforeſaid be obliged to ask His Majeſty Pardon for his Vile Reflections, or be immediately Expell'd the Houſe.

Anſ. Without doubt, Mr. *How* is ſo much a Gentleman, as to ask any Man's pardon, if he has wrong'd him.

Le. That the growing power of *France* be taken into Conſideration; the Succeſſion of the Emperor to the Crown of *Spain* ſupported, our *Proteſtant* Neighbours as the true Intereſt of *England*, as the protected, *Proteſtant Religion* requires.

Anſ. The Union of *France* and *Spain* has taken up no ſmall part of their Time, and they have been ſo Speedy as well as Hearty in their Deſires to His Majeſty to make new Ailiances, in order to diſappoint their Joynt Endeavours, That the Emperor, and all our *Proteſtant* Neighbours, cannot but ſhew their Satisfaction in what they have done.

Le. That the *French* King be obliged to quit *Flanders*, or that His Majeſty be addreſs'd to declare War againſt him.

Anſ. To declare War will be of more Diſadvantage to the Kingdoms than Auxiliary Forces, which are enough to conſerve our Reputation amongſt our Confederates.

Le. That *Suitable Supplies* be granted to His Majeſty for the putting all theſe neceſſary things in execution, and that care be taken that ſuch Taxes as are raiſed may be more equally Aſſeſſed and Collected, and ſcandalous Deficiencies prevented.

The

Anſ. The Supplies have been granted, and His Majeſty has thank'd 'em for their ready Concurrence in Complying with his Deſires.

Le. That the *Thanks of this Houſe* may be given to thoſe Gentlemen who ſo gallantly appear'd in the the behalf of their Country, with the *Kentiſh* Petition, and have been ſo ſcandalouſly uſed for it.

Anſ. They may thank themſelves for their Confinement, in endeavouring to be Repreſentatives of the *People* themſelves, and coming to Affront thoſe who were theirs.

Le. Thus *Gentlemen.* You have your Duty laid before you, which 'tis hoped you will think of; but if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the Reſentment of an *injurd Nation*; *for Engliſhmen* are no more to be Slaves to *Parliament*, than to a King.

Our Name is Legion, and we are Many.

Anſ. Thus, Gentleman, or *Plebeian*, or whatever thou art, thou haſt been a mere Devil in endeavouring to ſow the Seeds of Diſcord among thy Fellow Subjects, and may'ſt well ſubſcribe with the Name of *Legion*, which has been made uſe of in Scripture for a *Devil* of particular Eminence.

Poſt-Script.

Le. If you require to have this Memorial ſign'd with our Names, it ſhall be done on your firſt Order, and perſonally preſented.

Anſ. You could not Subſcribe your Chriſtian Names to ſuch Heatheniſh Proceeeings; if you had, you wou'd in all likelihood have kept your Fellow Mutineers Company in the *Gate-houſe.*

FINIS.